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THE SUNSET LAND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, dimly through the mists of years
That roll their dreary waves between,
The gorgeous Sunset Land appears,
Arrayed in hues of fadeless green
And from that far-off sunny clime,
Old half-forgotten songs arise,
And stealing o'er the waves of Time
The sweetly lingering music dies.

As some bright island of the sea,
Forever blooming—ever fair;
Tho' cold, dark billows round it be,
Eternal sunshine hovers there
Thus o'er the silent sea of years,
Our eager, longing looks are cast,
Where robed in fadeless Spring appears
The sunlit Aden of the Past

There Memory weaves her garlands green
Beside the lone, hope-haunted shore;
And musing 'mid the Arcadian scene,
Twines flowers that bloom for us no more.
Oh! hallowed clime! blest Land of Love!
Sweet Paradise of early dreams!
Still through thy vales may fancy rove,
Still bask beneath thine evening beams.

And there they dwell—those cherished ones
With snow-white brows and waving hair;
I see them now—I hear their tones
Of sweetness sigh along the air.
Hark! how their silvery voices ring
In cadence with the wind's low sigh:
Not sweeter is the wind-harp's string
That wakes at eve its melody.

They call us; see, they wave their hands—
As by the mirage lifted high,
That clime in all its beauty stands
Against the forehead of the sky.
With wreathed brows—with laugh and song—
With tender looks—hand clasped in hand—
They move along, that love-linked throng—
Within the haunted Sunset Land.

Burlington, Ky. LEWIS W. WEBB.

Original Novelet.

FOUR IN HAND;

OR,

THE BEQUEST.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

Leaving his horses in the care of his servant, and breaking through the curious and officious crowd, Philip bore alone the injured girl to his own house. Even there he jealously refused all assistance, carried her in his arms to a chamber, and laid her on a couch. Then, after dispatching a servant for a surgeon, he summoned his housekeeper, and directed her to assist him in arousing the sufferer from her deathly swoon. The woman looked a good deal shocked, and somewhat disgusted, but after a moment's hesitation, she proceeded to bathe the white face and bruised head of the girl, while Philip knelt by her side, chafing her hands, staunching with napkins a cruel wound in her breast, and calling her by a hundred melodious Italian names, and sweet, endearing diminutives. Mrs. Renshaw, the housekeeper, a bigoted woman, who might have belonged to the flock of "the Shepherd," or the sisterhood of Chadband, and is now, it may be, warming her benumbed piety and zeal, at the "seventy times heated" furnace of Spurgeonism—did not understand Italian, but she had a holy horror of it, as the tongue of "the scarlet woman," and she knew those words to be love-names, and coarsely interpreted, according to a coarse nature, the pitying, remorseful tenderness with which they were uttered. So she was hardly surprised when, at length, the young girl revived from her swoon, to see her smile and weep at beholding Mr. Coniston at her side—even lifting his hand and kissing it with faint lips.

"Ah, Violetta, my poor child," said Philip, in Italian, "why and how came you here?—Did I not tell you that I would come for you?"

"Ah, signore, I came to find you—I sung my way to you—I could not wait for you. I was dying of grief and loneliness. Pardon me!"

"But your grandfather—did you leave him?"

"Alas! he is dead, signore! I was alone in the world—so I came to you—*amico mio!*"

"And I have killed you!"

"Ah, no, I did it myself. I was mad with the joy of seeing you—the fear of losing you again in this great dreary city. But it is no matter—only don't go away from me—don't send me away from you, till I go *there!*"

"No, no, my poor child! God forsake me, if I forsake thee now!" exclaimed Philip, fervently, sealing the vow by pressing his lips upon the cold, colorless hand he held

At this moment, the surgeon was announced; Philip rose, and assuring Violetta that he would remain within call during the examination and the dressing of her wounds, returned to his library.

The story of Violetta Castelli were a romance in itself, and can be little more than hinted at here. Philip met her at Como, where the last summer of his stay in Italy was spent. She was the granddaughter of a musician, who occupied apartments on the fifth floor of his hotel, and who became known to Philip as an intelligent *valet de place*, and the owner of the little boat which he hired for his excursions on the lake.

It was impossible to know Giovanni Castelli long without knowing something about his granddaughter. Violetta, for his fond old heart was full of her beauty, her goodness and her talent.

Philip, who had caught an occasional glimpse of her fairy little figure, flitting up and down the dark stairway of the hotel, remarked to the old man upon the singular classic beauty of her head.

"Ah, yes, s'gnore: it is like one of the heads of Raffaello—is it not? But excellenza should hear her voice! It is ravishing, and she makes of the guitar something divine. Ah, she is a wonderful child!"

A more child she was always to the old man, and when Philip came to know her, it was but as a child that he regarded her—a child of genius and love, beautiful, sensitive, sympathetic, and dependent. She interested and delighted him by her childlike purity and simplicity. She seemed to him a budding woman-flower, exquisitely dainty and delicate, with just human blood enough for a faint bloom—human weakness enough to cling to and lean upon a loving human support. Her sweet singing, when he came to hear it daily, charmed the demons of pride and discontent, resentments and regrets, out of his heart, and made him a nobler and a happier man. In all their excursions upon the lake, and along the shore, in search of the picturesque, (for Philip had fallen to sketching with almost his old ardor.) Violetta accompanied her grandfather, and every moonlight night she sat in the boat with them, and her voice, dreamy and silvery, pure from even the prophecy of passion, itself the moonlight of music, floated over the water.

Philip was one night surprised to hear her sing an air from Bellini, with all its most elaborate operatic adornments.

"Why, Violetta, child, where did you learn that?" he asked.

"Ah, signore, it is very easy—see you, it is only mimicry. Excellenza knows that Madame Pasta—the great Pasta—lives on the lake, in a little paradise which she has created with her divine voice. One may know her villa by the multitude of roses that grow there, and the multitude of nightingales that sing there."

"Attracted by her singing?"

"Without doubt, excellenza—the roses to listen and the nightingales to learn. Well, of summer nights, we take our boat, my grandfather and I, and row up the lake, and steal along very quietly, and glide under the roses that hang over her garden wall, and wait and listen, and presently we hear it, the divine voice, come gushing out of the windows, and flooding all the sweet, still air with music, so sparkling, so bounteous, so delicious that not a nightingale thinks to open her throat, and the little birds cannot sleep in their nests for delight; the waves seem to rest in a trance of joy, and the roses to empty their hearts of fragrant applause and tremble up against one another in ecstacy, dropping tears of dew. As for me, I listen so hard that I scarcely breathe—I drink in her notes, and when I get home I try to repeat them. That is all."

"And you succeed admirably, my Violetta," replied Philip; "I brought letters to Madame Pasta, and know her well. She is a good woman, as well as a great singer. I will tell her of you, and she shall hear you sing, if you will."

"Oh, excellenza is very kind, but I would never dare to open my lips before her, for fear she would know the trills I have stolen from her, and be angry with me."

But her zealous friend soon laughed away her childish objections, and, a few days after, presented her, by permission, to the ex-queen of song.

Madame was very gracious and kind—praised Violetta's beauty to Philip, in a stage-aside, which had the effect of adding the charm of a blush to the pale, Psyche-like face of the young girl, and then, seating herself at the piano, requested (a queenly request, which is a double command,) the pleasure of accompanying *la Signorina*. In her confusion, Violetta chose one of Pasta's own favorite airs, from *Semiramide*, but the great prima donna only smiled graciously, saying,

"Ah, well, *allons*, courage, my child!"

Violetta at first shook out her plaintive, timid notes, as though singing on pain of death, but she gathered inspiration as she went on, and acquitted herself so well at last, that Pasta applauded her heartily, saying that she would make a charming singer, with the right instruction.

"Your voice is heavenly," she said, "but it needs some earthly training. Saint Cecilia herself would need a world of teaching before she could sing Rossini. I would like to give you a few lessons, and if you will come to me once a week, I will sing with you."

With true Italian grace and ardor, Violetta knelt by the great singer, and pressed a grateful kiss upon her still beautiful hand.

A short time after this event, Philip left Como, for the South, promising to return in a year's time to arrange some plan for the thorough musical education of Violetta Castelli, whom he had resolved to adopt not for her sake alone, but for the love of art—to give to the lyric drama a marvel of beauty and song.

Philip parted from his lovely *protégée* with more of tender regret than he had anticipated, but he was painfully surprised at the wild burst of grief which overwhelmed her, at the last. He could not get her sobs out of his ears, he could not hide himself from the sight of her tearful, despairing face, through all that journey to Rome. He was conscience-stricken for having thoughtlessly awakened feelings so intense in her sensitive young heart. "But it will soon be over—that summer-rain of tears" he consoled himself by saying "The more violent, the more evanescent the emotion. Violetta is a child, and an Italian—*so es raggio!*"

But Philip had mistaken her. She loved her generous English friend with the devotion, if not with the passion of mature womanhood, and her child's heart was as constant as it was pure.

Philip wrote to her once, from Rome, telling her that he should probably accompany his mother to London in the spring, and repeating his promise to return to Como the year following. He counselled her to be diligent in the preliminary studies of her art, under the excellent tuition of her grandfather, a musician of the good old school, now almost forgotten—and above all, to improve to the utmost, her rare privilege of singing with Madame Pasta. "Think what a luxury is yours," he said, "merely to hear once every week, that wondrous voice on which the world hung so long and which it is still heart sick for."

The letter concluded with expressions of faithful interest and affection, and pledges of fraternal aid and protection.

The remainder of the poor girl's story is already known to the reader—how, on the death of her sole relative, finding herself homeless and friendless, (for she could not tax the kindness of Madame Pasta,) she left Como, guitar in hand, to sing her way to England—how like the Saracen Maid of Gilbert-à-Becket, she wandered for many weary days through the streets of London, seeking the beloved, and how she found him at last.

CHAPTER XI.

CYPRESS AND ROSES.

Philip Coniston remained alone in his library, sitting quite motionless, with his face buried in his hands, but his heart busy with tender, remorseful memories, till the entrance of the surgeon, coming to report on his case. Philip sprang up to meet him, questioning him eagerly, yet fearfully respecting the patient. The doctor shook his head.

"It is a bad case—quite hopeless, I fear," was the reply. "The poor girl has sustained such severe internal injuries that recovery seems impossible. She may not survive the night."

Philip could not repress a groan at this confirmation of his worst fears. Again his face was bowed upon his hands, and tears, which took nothing from, but testified to his manhood, stole through his fingers. After a few words of cool, philosophic, materialistic condolence, which fell like ice-drops upon the tortured heart of the subject, the surgeon added,

"While the young girl lives, your family physician had better take charge of her; though, in fact, no medical treatment can be of much avail, except to palliate suffering. Opiates might relieve her of pain, and lull her into the eternal sleep, let her down softly into the lap of Nature, as it were."

"Lift her up gently into the arms of Divine Love," said Philip reverently.

"Ah, well, as you will, my dear sir," replied the philosopher, with sublime complaisance. "I must now bid you good-morning—trusting that we may next meet under circumstances less painful and embarrassing to yourself."

Immediately on the surgeon's departure, Philip sent a messenger for Doctor Abbeville, his uncle's old physician, whose tenderness toward real sufferers, in especial the young and poor, was known to equal his brusque treatment of those afflicted by fashionable and imaginary ailments.

Just as Mr. Coniston was about to return to the bedside of the sweet sufferer with whose death-wounds his own heart was sore, Mrs. Renshaw, in rustling robes of demi-mourning, sailed into the room, like a heavy gray cloud, portentous of saintly ire.

"May I speak with you, Mr. Coniston?" she asked, with a grim deliberateness of tone, which would have struck him at any other time, but which he did not notice at this moment of painful absorption.

"Certainly, pray be seated, madame," he said, courteously, and added, "How is the poor child?"

"She seems easy—as though in a doze," was the brief reply.

"This is a very unpleasant circumstance, sir, and a very extraordinary circumstance. I must say," added the dame, with severe emphasis.

"It is one which you cannot regret a thousandth part as much as I," replied Philip, with a heavy sigh.

"No, of course not—as I have not to reproach myself for it"

"Mrs. Renshaw, you exceed somewhat your privilege," said Philip, with some impatience.

"As your housekeeper, I may—but not as an immortal Christian woman, Mr. Coniston."

Philip was not disposed to dispute this sort of Pickwickian privilege, and allowed her to proceed.

"The surgeon thinks that this—this Italian girl cannot get well."

"I know it."

"He says that while she does live, she must have constant care and 'very tender nursing.'"

"And that she shall have. It is little indeed to give her."

"Not from me, Mr. Coniston."

"Not from you? Why, may I ask?"

"Why?" repeated Mrs. Renshaw, bridling up with virtuous indignation and bristling all over with alarmed respectability,—"Because, sir, I am a lone woman, with a reputation to preserve—because I am honest and respectable, and will not demean myself to serve such as she I know that young men will have their follies, but there is reason in everything, Mr. Coniston, and it's plain to me that you should not have brought her here—if she *did* follow you all the way from Italy, and if your horses did trample on her. Is there not the hospital always ready?—and a very comfortable place it is. 'The way of the transgressor is hard,' and in my opinion, it is flying in the face of Providence to make so much of such creatures as she."

"Leave the room, woman!" cried Philip, starting up indignantly. "You insult me, and cruelly wrong that innocent, dying child. Leave the room, I say, and do not show your cursed pharisaical face in these apartments again. From this day, consider yourself discharged from my service."

Mrs. Renshaw retreated towards the door, but with an affectation of servility, returned, saying,

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Coniston, but here is a letter, which the surgeon found in the girl's bosom, along with her papish crucifix. Perhaps you know the hand-writing," and having shot her Parthian arrow, the virtuousest of housekeepers withdrew.

Philip looked at the letter. It was the one he had written Violetta, from Rome. It enclosed a few withered violets, which he remembered having given her, for her name's sake, on the day when she first accompanied her grandfather and him, on the lake. They were still fragrant of Italy and the past—fading out sweetness only. But the letter was stained with tears. It bore a yet darker and more recent stain—a drop of blood. With a shudder and a moan of bitter pain, Philip hastily folded up the letter and thrust it away into his writing-desk, which stood before him. As he did so, a thought seemed to strike him. He searched amid his papers till he found a small package, carefully sealed. He tore it open, removed fold after fold, of delicate paper, and came at last to a rose,—a red rose, dry and withered. He looked at it a moment sadly, as though loth to part with it, then wrapping it in a single envelope, he seized a sheet of paper and wrote thus:—

"Vesta Lancaster—My Cousin—Will it recognize the rose herein enclosed?—no? It withered quite out of your remembrance, years ago, and given by you to me, a promise that do you remember that, to—you, or have cancelled should I ever wish sought send back the rose next need of you, and y request, if in your —you would grant me. Now, I dare claim power—or something we were but children that promise—I we have grown as strangers then, and th since, I dare to claim it. I have to one immediate need of a friend—a woman. earnest, is far away—I have no sister, and My upon you. *Come to me at once!* I will explain all when I see you. Trust to my honor. I know that it is a great thing that I ask of you but you have, or once had a great heart, and something tells me that I can count upon it to the utmost. PHILIP CONISTON."

Hastily enclosing the rose in this note, he sealed and despatched it without delay.

Within twenty minutes after this, Philip was summoned from Violetta's bedside, by the announcement that Miss Lancaster was waiting below, to see him. Leaving the sufferer in the care of Dr. Abbeville, who had just arrived, he descended to the library, emotions of joy and sorrow contending for the mastery in his heart.

The cousins met with outward calm and perfect kindness.

"You have sent for me, and I am here. There was no resisting that talisman," said Vesta, with an attempt at playfulness, "now will it please you to explain this mysterious summons?"

"At once—I met you this morning, as I was returning from my drive."

"Yes."

"Perhaps you observed after reaching your door, a crowd collected near where you passed me."

"I did, and supposed that some trifling accident had happened."

"I was the cause of that accident—but it was not trifling. A poor girl was thrown down by my leaders, and fatally injured."

"Good Heaven! could it have been that beautiful little street-singer I noticed as I rode past?"

"Yes, it was she!"

"How sad! She sung under my window only last night. I never heard so sweet and sorrowful a voice. It was enough to break one's heart. I had a strange desire to take her in, and care for her,—but I resisted it, as we are too apt to resist such divine monitions. Her face haunted me for hours after, and met me almost as a reproach this morning. Can you tell me anything of her?"

"Yes, when I rescued her from the feet of my horses, I found that she was a child whom I had known in Italy, of whom I was very fond, and who, without my knowledge, had followed me to England"

Vesta gave a slight start, and looked searchingly into the pale and troubled face of her cousin. Apparently satisfied by the scrutiny, she asked—

"You brought her home?"

"Of course. She is now here. She had prompt surgical attendance, but was pronounced past help, or hope. Dr. Abbeville is now with her, but his looks confirm the opinion of the surgeon. All that can be done for her, is to alleviate her sufferings, by the administration of sedatives, and by tender and careful nursing A woman's hand is needed to minister to her gently and soothingly—a woman's voice to speak comfort to her. I at first confided her to the Christian charities and maternal instincts of my housekeeper, who is, I believe, one of the 'mothers in Israel,' but in a fit of outrageous virtue, she threw up her office almost immediately. I would not subject myself to a second indignity, by calling upon any of the housemaids—so in my perplexity, I turned to you. Will you attend upon this poor, dying girl? I think she will not keep you long, and believe me, she is worthy of your loving ministrations, for she is an innocent child, with the soul of an angel."

"Willingly I accept the charge, Mr. Coniston—whether the time be long, or short and whether the poor girl be all she looks, and you think her—a little wandering Saint Cecelia, or only a beautiful sinner."

So it was that the proud and high born Vesta Lancaster became the nurse of Violetta Castelli, the Italian street-singer, and was honored by her office. She and Philip remained by the side of the young girl throughout the night, hoping only the time when the Roman [illegible] was with her, administering the last [illegible] the dying.

Violetta seemed to suffer [illegible] she awoke quite peacefully for some hours, but was just at dawn, and seemed [illegible]ched with much evidently sinking fast. [illegible] her in his arms, difficulty, and Philip eastern window. She while Vesta opened—she said so, and was knew that she wished her small hand into not contradicted in his clasp like a chilled Philip's—icy with faint life. She blessed him bird, flut[illegible] had done for her, and all he had for all[illegible] treating him not to reproach [illegible] her death. It was well—best for herself [illegible] She thanked "the beautiful lady" her to the love of the Madonna. [illegible] she spoke thus, she looked from Vesta to Philip, and from Philip to Vesta. It was strange, but as she did this, each remembered quite another death bed, and a beloved old man, who had looked at them so, just so.

As the morning light and warmth came in at the open window, Violetta went away. Her last look was for Philip, her last breath took a sound like his name;—and when the eyes grew dim, and the lips still, he was conscious of a faint thrill in the hand clasped in his. It was as though her loving, child-like spirit reached backward from the strange, new life to which it had attained, and clung to him still.

Philip laid that beautiful head reverently upon the pillow, and tenderly closed the soft, dark eyes. He then stood for some moments, gazing on the face of the dead—sorrowful, remorseful, forgetful of all the world—yet feeling within his heart a strange, sweet gush of holy human sympathies, a gracious in-flowing of divine love upon the barren and waste places of his soul. In that brief time, rebellious grief and vain regrets resolved themselves into childlike submission, fruitful penitence, consecration.

Vesta Lancaster with her own hands dressed Violetta for the grave. She plaited the long, dark hair in a noble coronal around that beautiful head, and crossed the small hands meekly on the still breast. With peculiar poetic feeling, she brought from her conservatory only flowers of the South to strew upon the coffin-pillow—violets whose clear, soft blue seemed the remembrance of Italian skies, jasmines and orange blossoms, fragrant with the sighs of exile.

When all was done, and she had returned to her home, her carriage followed that of Philip in the little funeral procession.

Violetta was laid to rest in a shady, suburban grave-yard, and a cross, inscribed simply with her name, placed above her. On that cross hung always a fresh votive wreath, and soon the grave was quite covered with violets. So if her name shall ever be effaced from the stone, or be overgrown with moss, it will still appear on the ground, written many times, in bloom and fragrance, and renewed every summer. To one who often lingers by that grave, it seems that her voice, which was of so pure and cerulean a quality, has translated itself into those violets,—and that the love and innocency of her heart yet breathe out of her dust in their perfume

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On the evening of the day succeeding Violetta's funeral, Philip Coniston made his first visit to Vesta Lancaster. He was shown into the library, an elegant room, furnished with exquisite feminine and artistic taste. While awaiting his cousin, his eye, in glancing around him, fell on a landscape that occupied a place of honor over the mantel. It was one of his exhibited pictures. The other he afterwards saw in Vesta's own little studio. The sight of this solved the mystery of the prompt purchase and the unknown patron,—but he knew not whether the solution gave him most pleasure, or chagrin: most pride, or shame. He had been so conceited, blind, stupid, and unthankful. Some sad thoughts and bitter regrets it suggested. It was full of faults, he could see them now—but it was painted in the glow and rapture of young ambition, at a season when his life had at least, the dignity of a purpose and the grace of an enthusiasm.

"It is the ghost of my art," he said

When Vesta entered, she saw at a glance, what had engaged his attention, and blushed at the discovery of her little secret, but said nothing.

After the usual greetings had been exchanged, and the cousins were seated, Vesta on a sofa, and her visitor in a chair in front of her, in a voice which would have been cold, but for a quiver of sadness running through it, Philip said—

"Cannot Miss Lancaster divine why I have done myself the honor to wait upon her evening?"

"I am afraid you have come to [illegible] my Christian offices toward the poor [illegible], offices which would hardly have [illegible]ks or pay. I had I asked, or expected [illegible]id, gladly for His would have done the little a dear friend and sake, if not for the[illegible], with a shade of gentleman," replied he.

The reproach in hand.

Philip's face "I did not come to thank you

"No," heard noble act—nay, to deprecate for that [illegible] more brave and proved that you tion,—an in a thousand—[illegible] are cold, and with no fear of its misrepresentations or gossip before your eyes."

"Oh, as for that, I have for the last few years lived so much by, and after myself, that the world has grown tired of wondering at and commenting upon my eccentricities—of marking my out-goings and in-comings. I am freer than most of my sex, thank Heaven! It was a necessity of my nature to be so. I am, indeed, delivered from 'the fear of man'—and what is infinitely more, of woman—But pray tell me, to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit, if not to the old friendship?"

"Perhaps my cousin noticed, that on the day of poor Vivian's death I omitted my usual four-in-hand drive."

"No;—but now remember, you must have done so, for you remained in the house throughout the day."

"Then, if you reflect a moment, you must know that I hereby voluntarily forfeited the [illegible] and deliberately by Uncle Hugh. I now come to resign it to the rightful possessor."

"I will not accept it!" cried Vesta, warmly.

"Then it must pass into the family of Sir Ralph Coniston—into the hands of those who—(I know that I do them no wrong by saying it.) will make a far less noble use of it. In his name whom we both loved, I entreat you to take it."

"And you, Cousin Philip?"

"Oh, have no regrets for me I shall do better and be better, perhaps, without fortune than with it. I will return to my Art though she has for me now an austere and unwilling countenance. I will woo her with what intellectual devotion I have to give—with the energy of a will thoroughly aroused, if not with the inspiration of hope and enthusiasm. For a rest, I will try to look out of myself, into the hearts of others, and above;—try, in short, to cultivate some human sympathies and divine aspirations. I find that I have been a miserable egotist and a practical atheist through all the best years of my youth—that my life has been one of pleasureless dissipation, a prodigal waste of priceless days and golden opportunities. For my own sake, I shall certainly not regret the loss of wealth, but somewhat for my mother, for whose sake alone I ever coveted it. She has grown accustomed to luxury—and yet, I know, she will suffer most on my account. But take all from me, freely—it will be a weight lifted from the energies of body and mind. You will make a better, happier use of this wealth than I have done. It will come to you with no outweighing conditions. It will still leave you free. To me it has been no obedient genii—it has enslaved me. It has made me ridiculous and despicable in the eyes of the whole world."

"You refer to some singular conditions of our uncle's will, I suppose;—but were not those soon to become null and void?"

"Yes, I had almost lived out my term of servitude, when that poor child fell under the hoofs of my horses. As I lifted her crushed form in my arms, I swore never again to degrade my manhood by mounting the box, but to let my four-in-hand farce end then, cost what it might."

"It was a brave and manly resolution, under all the circumstances," replied Vesta, with earnest warmth;—then gravely, almost coldly, she added—"but, if my Cousin Philip will allow me to speak plain truth to him, I must say that I think it was the spirit in which he received the restricted bequest of his uncle, which has caused him all his unhappiness."

"How so?"

"Why, you cannot doubt but our kind uncle meant it all for your good. It was the result of no sudden whim—no freak desire to perpetuate his own eccentricity. He saw you looking pale and hollow-cheeked as a consumptive—he was told by medicalmen in whom he had confidence, that if you continued in your absorbed, one-sided art-life, you would not live to accomplish anything worthy of your genius or manhood: and after much anxious thought, he fixed upon this plan of compulsory exercise, and partial divorce from your art. He truly believed that it would benefit you, physically at least, and it has benefitted you, in spite of

yourself. He saw too, that you were shy and sensitive, so fastidiousness and morbidity, and hoped that the necessity of braving curious observation and gossip, would be for you a wholesome mental discipline. If your worship of Art grew cold, do not dare to reproach him for the decline of your enthusiasm. He saw you flinging yourself into the intense, wearing life of the *professional* artist, without, as he supposed, the needful stamina or study. He believed that you would accomplish better, if fewer things, paint more nicely and thoughtfully, without the feverish stimulus of competition and the eager hope of immediate advantage and recognition. He did not, as you well know, require you to abandon Art—he only limited you to the life of an art-student, for five years. Surely that was not hard!

"Nor did he intend that your pride should suffer the slow martyrdom it has undergone.—He wished, and such was his faith in your affection, *expected* you to remain on your estates, devoted to the best interests of your tenantry, and to those plans of general benevolence which he had marked out for you. There you would have had constant and worthy employment for your best faculties and energies, and there your four-in-hand-driving, an event of daily occurrence, must soon have ceased to excite attention or comment. What a life of use, and so of beauty and true dignity might not yours have been! But you were morbid, and I fear a little morose; you would not take kindly to your duties, which were only joys in disguise, but must needs go driving over the sentiment, in mad pursuit of pleasure, or distraction. So in nearly all things, you have defeated the purpose of your uncle, and with unhappy magic, converted evil out of good. Now admit, my cousin, that I have spoken truly, if a little ungraciously."

"Yes, I admit it all—I see it all—the fault has been in me—in the unchastened spirit in which I have taken both fortune and misfortune," replied Philip, sadly. "You must be right," he continued, "for though wealth has brought me little happiness, or good, I was never contented without it. Oh, I have bitterly learned the wisdom of Agur's prayer—'give me neither poverty nor riches!' I think that my dependent life at Coniston Hall, with all its uncongenial associations and its slights, real and imaginary, did harm to my character in its most plastic and impressible state. I did not assimilate to the natures I came in contact with, but seemed to congeal under their influence, till I presented to the world a surface cold and hard and foreign to myself. Success, crowned with happiness, would have speedily melted this away—fortune alone, could not—especially after the heart itself was cold, from the sudden going out of its purest altar-flames—love and faith. But I will not dwell upon this, to you, of all women, lest my defence may seem a reproach, as, God knows, I do not mean it. I will trespass no longer on your kindness. My lawyer shall wait upon yours in the morning, and formally convey to you the property now become your own. Accept my adieux. I must go home—I would say, to my mother, to-morrow."

"Stay! Cousin Philip!" exclaimed Vesta, starting up to detain him, glowing like a rose, yet trembling and fearful—a strange, eager joy breaking through the perplexity and sadness that till then had clouded her face—"stay one moment. *Must*, then, this fortune be thrust upon me—me so unwilling to accept it at your hands? Is there no way in which you can in honor retain it, now that you see the errors of your past, and can make a nobler use of it than ever before?"

"Yes, my cousin," said Philip, in a low voice, drawing near to her, and fixing his eyes with a wistful, questioning look upon her face—"there is a way—one which I have reason to believe our good uncle had in his mind when he drew up that will. But the conditions might prove harder to you than even the old one were to me. I dare not name them to you, dearest and best!—I am not worthy to name them, after the long wrong I have done your noble nature by my miserable suspicions, misinterpretations and resentments. I can ask nothing of you but forgiveness."

"Oh, Philip, do not speak of that!" cried Vesta, no longer able to restrain her tears—"I did you wrong, as well, by my wilful pride and harsh judgment. I was arrogant, uncharitable, unwomanly. Forgive *me*, and accept this from me, in the old faith."

"Why, what is this? My rose! Do you give it back to me?"

"Yes, I give it back—as I gave it long ago."

"And the promise with it?—Oh, answer me quickly!"

"And the promise with it," murmured Vesta, with a smile of ineffable sweetness.

"Oh, great, good heart! Oh, Vesta, my cousin, my love, my wife that is to be!" cried Philip, fervently, folding her to his heart. "At last I live—I thank God, I adore!"

—"Where is the rose—*our* rose—Cousin Philip? We must not lose that."

"Here it is, very safe—trust me.—Ah, Vesta, is it not now more than ever, a miracle-rose, a Christ-rose?—for withered, it yet blooms, and through it comes the resurrection of my heart, to love and hope and newness of life."

ADVERTISING

Has Given many a Good Business;
Has Saved many a Failing Business;
Has Rescued many a Lost Business;
Has Revived many a Dull Business;
Has Enlarged many a Small Business;
Has Preserved many a Large Business;
Has Created many a New Business;
Has Secured Success in Every Business.

☞ In one of our Western cities, a poet met a friend of his, the other day, from New York. "I am perfectly delighted to see you," said the artist, throwing his arm affectionately around his friend's neck; "how long are you going to stay?" "I think," said the poet, "that I shall stay as long as my money lasts." "Oh, how badly disappointed I am!" said the artist, in a tone of deep sadness; "*I hoped you were going to stay a day or two.*"

☞ A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

UNCLE WOLPE.

In our next, we design commencing a short novelet, entitled "UNCLE WOLPE, A STORY OF THE OLD PARSONAGE," written for THE POST by Mrs. Mary A. Denison.

OFFICIAL CORRUPTION.

In a recent debate in the Senate, Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, said:—

We speak of the corruptions of Mexico, of Spain, of France, and other Governments, with a great deal of truth, according to all accounts; but from my experience and observation, which have been somewhat extensive, I do not believe to day there is as corrupt a Government under the Heavens as these United States.

Mr. Hale—Nor I either.

Several Senators—I agree to that.

Mr. Toombs—And most of all its corrupt on is in its legislative department.

The above is a fitting prelude to a brief allusion to the recently developed shameful corruption in the State of Wisconsin. The report of a Committee of Investigation, appointed by the last Legislature of that State, reveals that $800,000 in the bonds of the La Crosse and Milwaukie Railroad were distributed in 1856 among the authorities of that State, besides a large amount in other directions, to secure the distribution of the bonds granted by the United States to Wisconsin, worth some twelve millions of dollars, in a manner agreeable to said La Crosse and Milwaukie Railroad. A portion of the $800,000 is said to have been distributed as follows, Republicans and Democrats alike sharing in the plunder:

Gov. Bashford (Republican) received	$50,000
Nine Democratic Senators received	135,000
Three Republican Senators received	34,000
Thirty-eight Democratic Assemblymen received	350,000
Nineteen Republicans do. do.	95,000
A Bank Controller (Dem.) received	10,000
A Lieutenant-Governor (Dem.) received	10,000

The above exhibit is confined to the members and State officers. To a moonshine railroad, of which Democratic ex-Governor Barstow was President, $1,000,000 of the Crosse County bonds was given as its share of the plunder, which was divided out by Barstow and his followers, he receiving $89,000, his private Secretary $52,000, the editor of the Madison Argus $52,000, and so on. To other outside papers (Republican, Democratic and American) there was paid for their influence $246,000.)

The Legislature which unveiled the above corruption, shocked by its enormity, or perhaps sympathising with the guilty, or, it may be, themselves the recipients of further plunder, adjourned without taking any steps to punish the offenders.

But is Wisconsin so much worse than the other States, as to lead us to suppose that their public men are free from taint, while here are so rotten. Ask any one who is intimately acquainted with the general character of the legislative bodies—from Pennsylvania onwards—and see what he will say—or rather what he will not directly say, but indirectly, by hint and shrug, confess. We know that it is generally believed by business men in this city, that nothing can be done at Harrisburg without money—and we have no reason to suppose that the Legislatures and Executive officers of other States, are much better than those of Pennsylvania. As to the causes of this general political corruption, which seems to infect the prominent men of all parties, they lie perhaps a little further below the surface than people generally are in the habit of looking—and probably any one who should have the temerity to rout them out and expose them, would be very apt to "catch it on all sides" as a suitable reward for his industry.

INTERESTING.—A battle between two parties of Indians, Chippewas and Sioux, recently took place in the vicinity of Shakopee, Minnesota. The citizens contemplated the scene from a high bank, which overlooked the bottom across the river, where the conflict took place. Six Indians were killed and a number wounded. The Sioux were the victors, and "four raw scalps were flaunted on a pole, and four ghastly heads were paraded as trophies, besides two disfigured trunks." Shakopee, in sight of which this barbarous exhibition took place, is described in the account as "a city of Christians, churches, court-houses, and institutions of learning."

MORE CORRUPTION.—It seems that the treasury of Tennessee also has been robbed. The Secretary of State is said to be a defaulter in the amount of $30,000, and T. R. Mosby, a clerk in the Comptroller's office, has been in the habit of appropriating the State bonds deposited as security for the circulation of the free banks—$123,000 are missing, and $7,000 have been traced to him.

MORE COMPLICATIONS.—Our projected treaties with New Granada and Nicaragua, which, it was thought, were almost as good as ratified, have been completely nipped, it is said, by a French agent who rejoices in the name of M. Belly. This gentleman, it seems, who declares himself a mere unofficial agent of certain French parties, has undone in a few brief weeks what it required the American envoys no small effort to accomplish. The inference is, of course, that M Belly (who, perhaps we ought to call M. *Stomach*,) is really an agent of Louis Napoleon, who wishes a finger also in this pie—though one would think both fingers and hands were full enough already. Thus a letter writer from the Isthmus says:

A French envoy, M. Belly, has arrived there, with full instructions from Louis Napoleon, and has not only overthrown the Cass-Yrisarri treaty, but has already settled the boundary question between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, induced these two Republics to unite with San Salvador upon a plan of re-organizing the five Isthmus States into the old Central American Republic, under a French Protectorate, called together a Congress of Presidents at Rivas, left General Lamar entirely out of the programme, defeated Joe White's agents, and sent them home, tripped Commodore Vanderbilt's man with a peremptory open the Transit Route or leave, offered sixty millions of francs, French money, to open the Transit, and held up to the astonished gaze of the Central Americans a future of glory and power for the nation he is going to form there, that has bewildered them completely.

Here seems to be another complication—calling for the immediate attention of our Government. What with Kansas, the Mormon war, the Filibusters, the Mexican Invasion, the English Aggressions, the affair of the Adriatic, and now this fresh crow to pick with Louis Napoleon, our rulers at Washington must have considerable to think about. What a blessing it is that some men are so constituted that they will gladly take all the trouble, vexation and labor of public affairs upon their shoulders, for the sake of being considered, in their day and generation, no little fish, but "tritons among the minnows!"

THE BRITISH AGGRESSIONS.—There seems to be no doubt that Lord Napier has forwarded a request to the British Admiral of the Gulf Squadron, to omit all further visits to American vessels, until he receives instructions from home. Lord Napier's "request" doubtless will be complied with.

Relative to the report of a man being killed by a shot from a British vessel, off Pensacola, the Secretary of State telegraphed to the Postmaster at Augusta (Ga.), from which place the report came, and was answered by the Postmaster that "he was unable to learn anything further than the rumor."

Late advices from Havana, brought by the U. S. mail steamship Cahawba, state that the British officer engaged in the visits to the vessels in the harbor of Sagua la Grande, has been arrested and sent to Jamaica for trial. One account says:—

The arrest of the English officer—so suspicuous in his boarding operations—and who has been sent to Jamaica, gives general satisfaction, and the impression is that we will hear no more of "British aggression."

The British officer arrested, and reported to be sent to Jamaica for trial, is stated to be the officer who "visited" the American vessels in the harbor of Sagua la Grande—the cause being, so it is added, "exceeding his instructions." Another report says, "for permitting Captain Bealey, of the American ship Grotto, to drive him from the deck with his marines."

It was this officer, too, probably, who landed British marines upon the island thereabout to hunt up liberal negroes, just landed there from an American built vessel.

The landing of the marines created the liveliest indignation in Havana, and the British Consul is reported to have made the Captain-General all sorts of apologies therefor, which, however, the Captain-General has not accepted, but, on the contrary, has referred them home to Madrid.

The gossip of the passengers on board the Cahawba, and of visitors there when in Havana, is, that the course pursued by the "Styx," and the officer at Sagua la Grande, met with the strongest condemnation from his superior; and it was generally thought he would be broken.

MANY politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim!

We take the above from an exchange, credited to the historian Macaulay. If it be his, it is no great credit to him—for it has been said very often before, and is not worth saying at all. The fact is, that no people can be free for any length of time, till they are fit to use their freedom—any more than a man can live in deep water, who does not know how to swim. He is no "fool" who resolves not to go into water beyond his depth, before he has learned how to keep his head above the surface. A people who are not fit to use their freedom, in the highest sense of the word, should be entrusted with only that degree of freedom that they are capable of using—just as we send boys to learn to swim where the water is shallow. Neither is it a matter of choice whether we will act thus wisely, or not. The laws of nature are inexorable, and will no more spare a nation that does not know how to govern itself, than the man who cannot swim. It is not what we wish was the fact, but what is the fact, that is the vital matter—for political fact will not give way at the bidding of any mere political theory, however pleasant and comforting it may be.

THE BOGUS LOTTERY BUSINESS.—Samuel Swan, who a few years since was not worth $5, has accumulated in the bogus lottery business a fortune of $500,000. It is said that recent proceedings before the Grand Jury have developed the fact that Ben Wood made $95,000 in the year 1857 by his lottery.

By the profitableness of the lottery business to the managers, the public may take warning of its unprofitableness to the community. No worthy service is rendered in exchange for the immense amounts obtained by these lottery dealers—they are simply birds of prey, living upon the industry of the silly and ignorant.

HARBOR DEFENCES.—The defences of New York harbor, according to the Journal of Commerce, are very little stronger than they were fifteen years ago. The fortifications of the Delaware river and bay, it is also said, require the urgent attention of Congress.

THE AFRICAN EMIGRATION SCHEME.—Messrs. E. Lafitte & Co., of Charleston, S. C., recently applied at that port, for "a clearance of their ship Richard Cobden, for the coast of Africa, for the purpose of taking on board African emigrants, in accordance with the United States passenger laws, and returning with the same to a port in the United States."

The application being submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cobb replies in a long letter, the gist of which is a reference to the law of 1807. Mr. Cobb says:—

The first section of the act of 1807 provides, "That from and after the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and eight, it shall not be lawful to import or bring into the United States, or the territories thereof, from any foreign kingdom, place or country, any negro, mulatto, or person of color, with intent to hold, sell, or dispose of such negro, mulatto, or person of color, as a slave, *or to be held to service or labor.*"

This law seeks not only to prevent the introduction into the United States of *slaves* from Africa, but any negro, mulatto, or person of color, whether introduced as slaves, or *to be held to service or labor.* Whether or not the wisdom of our fatoers foresaw at that early day that efforts would be made under a pretended apprentice system, to renew the slave trade under another name, I cannot undertake to say; but the language of the law which they have left to us in the statute book leaves no doubt of the fact that they intended to provide in the most unequivocal manner against the increase of that class of population by immigration from Africa. No one could then have contemplated an object for which African emigrants would be brought to this country, which is not clearly guarded against and forbidden by the law to which I am now referring. It is only necessary to add, that subsequent acts on the subject contain the same language.

Mr. Cobb says that of course the idea of Messrs. Lafittes & Co., cannot be to bring in these Africans as free negroes, for that is contrary to the laws of the Southern States generally, to the public sentiment of all the States, and is too "absurd" to need refutation. Therefore, as he views the proposition as one intended to evade the laws of the country on the subject of African importation, the Collector is instructed to refuse the clearance applied for.

THE MORMONS.—The latest intelligence from Utah would seem to indicate that the Mormons had been "playing possum," as many of us supposed; and that it is very well too much credit was not given to the peaceful tenor of the recent advices. The fourth column of the Utah expedition, under Colonel Morrison, marched on the morning of the 31st. The fifth and sixth columns were in readiness to move, and it was understood that General Harney and staff would take the field about the 10th of June.

Letters from Nebraska Territory, state that companies of Mormon emigrants, composed nearly entirely of men, well armed, are even now constantly on their way to Utah. One account says that the number that will probably cross the plains this season, will be fully equal to the number of troops in the Utah army. If these accounts be correct, it is singular that the Government does not take some steps in the matter. To allow an enemy to be reinforced, before your very eyes, argues a greater degree of magnanimity than of good policy.

—— Since writing the above, it is stated that the advices to the Government also contain a reference to the report that Gov. Cumming has been driven out of Salt Lake City—though it is thought probable that the report is based simply upon a return of the Governor to Fort Scott; he having expressed an intention when he left (contrary to the advice of Gen. Johnson) to return in a couple of weeks.

THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—This body, an offshoot from the other societies of Friends, appear to be growing in numbers and importance. We learn that at their recent Yearly Meeting at Kennett Square, Chester county, the number in attendance was estimated at five thousand—and though this is probably an exaggeration, a very large number doubtless were present. "Epistles" were received from three other Yearly Meetings, and from several smaller bodies. The principles of this new society seem to be based mainly upon those of the "Friends"—certain of them, however, being more warmly and earnestly urged than by the "Friends" proper, while others, of a more formal character (such as the "plain" cut and color of the dress, the peculiar form of speech, opposition to music and dancing, &c.,) are almost entirely discarded. The Progressive Friends have no creed of any kind, and moral conduct, entirely regardless of doctrine, is made the basis of the society. Among those in attendance at the recent Yearly Meeting, were Theodore Parker, of Boston, and A. J. Davis, the noted Spiritualist, both of whom addressed the assemblage. There are now, therefore, it would seem, four branches of the society of Friends in existence—the Progressive, the "Hicksite" (according to the popular parlance, though they reject the name), and the Orthodox, who are divided into two non-corresponding bodies by the Wilbur and Gurney question.

THE PROCEEDINGS IN NEW ORLEANS.—We chronicle in our news columns, the telegraphic announcements of the formation and triumph of a Vigilance Committee in New Orleans.

At the time we write this, the facts are too scanty and uncertain to allow us to judge of the character of the movement.

The compromise agreed upon between the city authorities and the Committee, is stated in the telegraphic report as follows:—

The city officials are to deliver up twenty-five noted ruffians to receive their just deserts at the hands of justice, and five hundred men, from each side, are to be sworn in as policemen.

The Committee is said to be composed of "men of all political parties." On the other hand, it is said to be aimed at the present "American" organization; against whom the charge is made of allowing, if not instigating, robbery and murder, and of deterring quiet citizens from voting, by violence at the polls. The election was to take place on Monday the 7th. Major G. T. Beauregard, the "Independent" candidate for Mayor, appears to be also the candidate of the Vigilance Committee. He is said to be Democratic in his politics, and a brother-in-law of Hon. J. Slidell, U. S. Senator from Louisiana.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.—The following is the character of the bill which Mr. Douglas introduced into the Senate on the 3rd:

The North-Eastern Boundary Act, for the revival of which Senator Douglas has introduced a bill, puts at the disposal of the President, to be used when necessary to resist the claims of Great Britain, the naval and military forces and the militia of the United States; authorizes him to call into service fifty thousand volunteers; and also puts at his disposal ten millions of dollars, with the right to borrow the same, and also, if he deems necessary, to send a special Ambassador to Great Britain.

The Act is to continue in force for sixty days after the next meeting of Congress. The bill confers the powers in the precise language of the Act of 1839, except that it strikes out the words "boundary" and inserts "visitation and the right of search," with a few other verbal alterations—conferring, in fact, the same power on Mr. Buchanan as was conferred on Mr. Van Buren.

We suppose that the "50,000 volunteers" would have to be used in an attempt to conquer Canada—as we see no other point at which Great Britain could be approached offensively, and it does not accord with the genius of our people to wage a defensive war. On the ocean, the immense naval superiority of England would give her an advantage for many years—for a large navy is not a thing to be built and manned in a day.

New Publications.

DISCOURSES, CHARGES, ADDRESSES, PASTORAL LETTERS, ETC., by ALONZO POTTER, D. D. LL. D, (E. H Butler & Co., Philadelphia,) compose a volume worthy of perusal as the work of a vigorous, direct, cultured and philanthropic mind. In the preface it is stated that the book contains the author's settled opinions upon many topics connected with the interests of the clerical profession, the extension of the Christian Church, and the welfare of society.

QUENTIN DURWARD, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, (Tichnor & Fields, Boston,) one of the best of the Waverley novels, all aglow and astir with the fiery spirit and action of the many-passioned and tumultuous feudal age, and making its reader by force of realization, an interested citizen of that time, is here issued as part of the elegant household edition of these romances, which we have so often mentioned.

THE MIND UNVEILED, OR A BRIEF HISTORY OF TWENTY-TWO IMBECILE CHILDREN, (U. Hunt & Son, Phila.,) is a work relating to the training of idiots at Dr. Parrish's institution at Germantown, Pa., which we shall give a fuller account of next week, the subject being one of more than ordinary interest and importance.

SPIRITUALISM DENOUNCED.—Quite a commotion was recently excited among the spiritualists of Plymouth, Mass., by the announcement of Miss Lizzie Doten, the principal medium of that place, that she could not conscientiously speak to them again as a medium.—She said that:—

"She feared she had been laboring under a delusion, and as she considered herself responsible to God for what her lips uttered, and for the influence which her words exerted upon those who heard her, she was unwilling to be made the medium of any other spirit than her own. If," said she, "the angel Gabriel should stand by my side, and ask me to deliver a message to you from him, I should reply, Gabriel, speak for yourself! Hereafter I shall only address you in my own natural and conscious state."

This change in her views was brought about through the influence of a Professor Grimes, who had been delivering a course of lectures in the town on the "phenomena of nerves," and against modern spiritualism.

A DUEL FRUSTRATED.—In the House of Representatives, on the 2nd inst., Mr. Harris, of Illinois, denounced a personal statement made by Mr. Hughes, of Indiana, as false, when Mr. Hughes called him a liar. Mr. Harris replied, "It is false, and you can wear it at your pleasure."

"Mr. Hughes subsequently sent a challenge to Mr. Harris, who promptly accepted it. Through the influence of the friends of both parties the challenge was afterwards suspended, or temporarily withdrawn for explanation. And late to-night an arrangement was made by which the offensive language was withdrawn by each in the order that it was uttered, and thus the difficulties have been amicably adjusted.

THE Cincinnati Gazette has discovered that, some sixty years ago, the Legislature of Georgia sold several millions of acres of the Yazoo lands, for a nominal consideration, to a company of speculators. Every member of the Legislature was given lands—about a thousand acres apiece—by the company. The matter became known, and the next Legislature met at Milledgeville, the seat of government, and burnt the journal and the records of the Legislature on the public green. The act also was repealed, and the question then arose, before the Supreme Court of the United States, whether the purchases under the grant of the Legislature were valid. The Supreme Court decided in their favor, on the ground that they were innocent parties.

TORNADO IN ILLINOIS—TWENTY-ONE PERSONS KILLED.—MONMOUTH, ILL., May 31.—A terrible tornado passed over Ellison, about twelve miles south of this place, last night. Every house was blown down; twenty-one persons were killed, of whom ten were children. The village contained 500 inhabitants, and the report says that few escaped more or less injury. The excitement in the vicinity is intense. The track of the tornado was a quarter of a mile in width, and it lasted fifteen minutes.

The funeral of the killed was attended by a very large number of persons, and the ceremonies were of an imposing character.

BUSINESS IN SAVANNAH, GA.—The Savannah (Ga.) Georgian says that in consequence of dullness in trade, and the want of wholesome speculation in that city, a number of the first class firms will this year close their business to re-open in other cities.

IMPORTANT RUMOR.—*The Transit Route in Possession of England and France!*—It is reported at Washington that England and France have succeeded in obtaining control of the Nicaraguan Transit Route, through the exertions of their respective agents in Central America.

TWO MORE VESSELS VISITED.—NEW YORK, June 6.—The bark Tanaro, from Havana, and the brig Abram, from Sagonilla, arrived here to-day, were both boarded at sea. The latter by the British steamer Styx, and the former by a Spanish war steamer. The visiting officers were very polite, and no unnecessary detention occurred.

FROM UTAH.—Later news from Fort Leavenworth throws doubt upon the report of Gov. Cumming's expulsion from Salt Lake City.

A report, however, is brought from the Fort, that Capt. Marcy's *supply train had been cut off by the Mormons.*

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN NEW ORLEANS.

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE FORMED.

SEIZURE OF THE ARSENAL.

NEW ORLEANS, June 3.—We are in the midst of a quasi revolution. The numerous outrages that have lately occurred, and gone unpunished, have so excited the citizens that a large number of them met together lately, and organized a Vigilance Committee, similar to that which was formed in San Francisco a year or two ago.

Last night, this Committee, which includes many influential citizens, held a very large meeting, and, being in strong force, took possession of the Arsenal in Jackson Square, and of the prisons.

The morning papers to-day contain a call from their Executive Committee, urging all law and order men in the city to join them, and announcing that it is their determination to carry out their measures of reform.

At seven o'clock this morning cannon were loaded and placed at various points about the Arsenal, and two hundred armed men were placed on guard.

No collision has occurred between the forces of the Committee and the regular City and State authorities; but, for the time, the latter seem to be totally powerless. The excitement everywhere is intense, and business is in a great measure suspended.

NEW ORLEANS, June 3, 10 o'clock, A. M.—The following appeared this morning:

"The citizens of New Orleans, after years of disorder, outrage, and unchecked assassination, the people, unable and unwilling either to bow down in unresisting submission to a set of ruffians or to abandon the city in which their business, their social sympathies, and their affections cluster, have at length risen in their might, have quietly taken possession of the arsenal and buildings in Jackson Square, and have established there the head-quarters of a Vigilance Committee, pledging each to the other to maintain the rights inviolably of every peaceful and law-abiding citizens, to restore public order, to abate crime, and expel or punish, as they may determine, such notorious robbers and assassins as the arm of the law has, either from the infidelity of its public servants, or the inefficiency of the laws themselves, left unwhipped of justice.

"For the present the ordinary machinery of police justice is superseded, the Mayor and the Recorders, we understand, yielding up the power they confess their inability to exercise for the preservation of the public peace and the protection of property.

"And the Vigilance Committee will therefore provisionally act in their stead, administering to each and every malefactor the punishment due to his crime, without heat, prejudice, or political bias.

"All citizens who have sympathies with this movement, and who think the time has come when New Orleans shall be preserved like all other well-ordered and civilized communities, will report themselves without delay at the principal office, where the character of this movement will be explained and the determination of the people more fully made known. All has been done noiselessly thus far. All will continue noiselessly, dispassionately, and justly. But the ruffians who have dyed our streets in the gore of unoffending citizens and spread terror among the peaceable, orderly and well disposed, must leave or perish. So the people have determined!

"(Signed,) VOX POPULI! VOX DEI!!"

The True Delta extra says that seven to eight hundred men are under arms, and now, at ten o'clock, several arrests have been made.

It is reported that opposition will be made, in which case a severe battle is certain. Volunteers are still crowding in.

NEW ORLEANS, June 3—11 o'clock.—Gen. Tracy's division of military has been ordered out by the Mayor.

NEW ORLEANS, June 3—11½ o'clock.—The Common Council is now in secret session and considerable confusion exists among them. There is also great excitement in the street.

The Council had taken possession of the First District Armory, in which, it is said, there are but ten rounds of ammunition.

A battle is expected this afternoon. More arrests have been made.

NEW ORLEANS, June 3.—1 o'clock P. M.—The Mayor and City Council have gone to the Vigilance Committee's head-quarters to read the riot act.

Two companies of militia are engaged in making cartridges.

The Vigilance Committee have established signals of three guns fired from the arsenal.

All supporters are invited to repair to the arsenal to resist attacks.

Barricades of Cotton Bales Preparing.

NEW ORLEANS, June 3—8 o'clock, P. M.—The Vigilance Committee continues to maintain its supremacy, but no fight has yet occurred.—Cotton bales have been supplied, and the streets torn up for the formation of barricades.

The forces of the city authorities are an unarmed rabble, without organization or head.—The Mayor has issued orders to take possession of arms wherever they could be found, and acting on this order, the rabble broke open and seized the weapons in Kittridge's store.

It is expected that the Vigilance Committee will seize the City Hall to-morrow.

Bands of armed men are promenading the streets, and all the stores were closed this afternoon.

The forces of the Vigilance Committee are under command of Major J. K. Duncan, late of the United States Army, and are well organized and drilled. A crisis is expected to-day.

The city papers are divided in opinion, the Picayune and Crescent being in favor of the city, and the True Delta and Delta in favor of the Vigilance Committee, while the rest are neutral.

The Vigilance Committee is supported by all the respectable citizens, and the municipal authorities must succumb.

10 o'clock.—A fight is expected during the night. There is an immense gathering around the head-quarters of the Vigilance Committee.

NEW ORLEANS, June 4, Evening.—The compromise has been effected, and the Mayor has resigned the municipal authority into the hands of the Vigilance Committee.

The crowd has withdrawn from Canal street, and the city is gradually being restored to quiet.

A special police force of one thousand men is being organized by the Vigilance Committee.

MOVEMENTS OF GEN. WALKER.—*Another Descent on Nicaragua—Three Thousand Men to Invest the San Juan River.*—A private despatch from New Orleans informs us that the Steamship Company, chartered by the Alabama Legislature, will run the first boat from Mobile to San Juan del Norte (Greytown) on the 25th of this month,—when Gen. Walker, with a strong vanguard and staff, with proper appointments of all kinds, will proceed to invest the San Juan River. He will be followed, as soon as practicable, by detachments of his army, so as to reinforce and concentrate a column of about three thousand men.—*Brooklyn Star, 3rd inst.*

CANADIAN CORRUPTION.—The celebrated and Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Canadian Superintendent of Public Instruction, is charged with being a defaulter to the amount of $6,000, and the Toronto Globe says, 'The revelations of fraud and corruption under the present regime appear to be endless, and involve men hitherto supposed to be far beyond the breath of suspicion. The public departments appear to be sinks of corruption."

CONGRESSIONAL.

WAR DEBATE AND MEASURES.

RIVERS AND HARBORS.

SENATE.

On the 29th, on motion of Mr. Seward, one thousand extra copies of the resolutions of the Committee in relation to British aggressions, were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, spoke on the resolutions, showing that it is indubitable that the international law recognizes no right of visitation in time of peace, and in time of war it is only conceded to the extent of preventing the carrying of articles contraband of war. He cited, as authorities, Judge Story and Lord Stowell, showing that no armed sloop of any nation has the right to stop, visit or board for any purpose, and that ships at sea are not bound to lay to or wait. The resolutions indicate no more than that the time has arrived when this must be settled once and forever. It is hoped that it may be immediately settled by the Executive. There is every reason why it should be, and none why it should not. Angry feelings and reprisals cannot but bring the two countries into collision: but, whether or not, the nature of the indignities are such that the American people can no longer permit it.

Mr. Mallory, of Florida, proposed an amendment declaring that the American people cannot permit such aggressions, and therefore Congress should legislate at once to prevent the continuance of such indignities. It was a suspicious circumstance that these outrages commenced immediately after the refusal by this Government of certain demands by England respecting the slave trade.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, moved to amend the amendment to the effect that the acts of the British are belligerent in character, and should be resisted by all the powers of the country. He considered that the acts of the British should be met by acts, and not by arguments.

Mr. Mallory withdrew his amendment in favor of Mr. Hale's.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, advocated Mr. Hale's amendment, and further said that the British war ships in the Gulf should be seized and brought to our own ports and sunk, and that he would be satisfied with nothing short of it.

Mr. Seward, of New York, expressed his concurrence, as well as the concurrence of the Committee, in the spirit of the resolutions.—The assumption of Great Britain is founded on force, and claimed by no other nation than the British, or such as, like her, have asserted the mastery of the seas. But the United States set out with the intention to be equal to any nation, and cannot permit the affectation of superiority by any power, even in the modified form of "visitation," the right of search and visitation being synonymous terms. The principles of police at sea are identical with those on land. Any one may seize and detain pirates at sea, or culprits on shore, but he does it at his peril. If the person seized be a culprit, the case is abandoned to justice. If not, it is an aggression, and the aggressor is liable to make reparation. This nation will never permit its flag to be prostituted to the purposes of piracy, but it must resist every aggression on its peaceful commerce.

No prudent man believes that the British Government has ordered these aggressions, with a view of urging a war on this country. They are acts of war, but all know that if Great Britain wanted to begin a war with the United States, she would not do it with a gun-boat. Although these acts may have originated in a misapprehension of orders, the Executive had properly and promptly determined not to wait for explanation—not to recognize that any explanation can be given which will concede the right of visitation or search. Mr. Seward fully endorsed this promptitude of action in sending to the Gulf a force sufficient to sink every British cruiser.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, asked what good does it do to resolve that this search is a belligerent act? The American people and Congress know that it is. England was informed forty years ago, and has violated our rights thirty-three times within the past four weeks. He commended and admired the promptness with which the President had sent a force to the Gulf, but that force was only up to the point of preventing. Do you suppose that an opportunity will ever be found to prevent search, unless a ship of war be sent to accompany every merchant vessel? The Senator from New York was wrong in saying that the force despatched to the Gulf could sink the British cruisers. The British there have three guns to our one. It is brave, at least, to think that our one will sink their three. Mr. Douglas recommended another course. Let a ship of war, say the Wabash, get on the track of the Styx or Buzzard, follow her up, capture her, and bring her into an American port; and it will then be time to make explanations. If England avows the cruisers' acts, it becomes an international question. If she disavows them, it only remains for us to say what punishment we shall inflict on those lawless persons who have perpetrated these outrages. The President having gone as far as he can go, let him have at once such powers as are necessary to protect the flag and maintain the rights of citizens at home and abroad. He had no fear of the abuse of such power by the present Executive, or any that follow him. The President is almost powerless abroad. Every other Chief Magistrate has the power not only to repel, but to punish an outrage of their nationality, and why should not the Chief Magistrate of this Republic have power, ample and full, in aid of his efforts to protect the honor of the flag? He was in hopes that there would have been no speeches, but that the bill would have passed unanimously, without a word, which expression of sentiment would have carried more force than the army or navy.

Mr. Hayne spoke in favor of the gallantry of the Navy, who, he said, would go to the bottom and do their duty.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, proceeded to address the Senate in support of the resolutions, but added that it was also our duty to see that the flag be not prostituted by men engaged in the slave trade. The special order coming up, Mr. Wilson concluded by moving that the President be authorized and empowered to employ the naval force of the United States, and send them to the scene of the recent outrages, with instructions to capture the ships which have committed, or may commit, these belligerent acts.

Further debate was prevented by the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill coming up in special order.

On the 31st, the British Aggression resolution was taken up.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, repeated, as on Saturday, that he wanted the British ships seized. The resolutions reported by the Committee on Foreign Affairs were not worth the paper they were written on.

Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, disagreed with the Senator from Georgia. He (Mr. H.) was not willing to be smuggled into war by an amendment to amendments. If the British acts are belligerent, let us throw with all due solemnity the bloody spear. If we must have war, let us declare war after a dignified consideration. A war with England will be the most momentous event that has happened in the past three centuries—perhaps in all time past. But, perhaps, hostilities with England are, sooner or later, inevitable, and when they come he believed England will be rushing to her fate. Let us avail ourselves of the chance offered by these resolutions to avoid, until it is forced on us, an event which, whenever it occurs, will change the phase of human affairs.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky also spoke in a conservative tone, advising that no action should be rashly taken, but that we proceed with firm, determined, but cautious steps. The resolutions reported by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, are sufficient to express the sentiments of the American people, and it is unworthy of both such great nations to indulge in quarrelsome words and quarrelsome actions. Let England be informed that we require reparations, and, if it be refused, we have then a right to stand on our own ground. He agreed with the Senator from Georgia, (Mr. Toombs,) that we cannot consent to discuss the right of visitation or search. It would be unworthy this Government to enter into any discussion on that subject. We have to deal with the acts only, and require England to disavow them and forbear.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, said he had reconsidered his amendment, and was of the opinion that it was not in order, inasmuch as it proposed to confer power on the President by the vote of one House only. He therefore withdrew it. But he expressed the hope that orders had been given to sink or capture the offending ships.

Mr. Mallory, of Florida, moved a joint resolution, that the President be authorized to arrest the outrage at once.

Further debate was postponed, on the special order, the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill coming up.

The items of the bill were discussed till six o'clock, when the Senate adjourned.

On June 1st, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, from the Committee of Foreign Affairs, reported a bill authorizing the Executive to employ the naval force to protect the rights of our citizens from outrages by foreign nations, having especial reference to Central America and South America.

Messrs. Mason, Gwin, of California, and Houston, of Texas, argued the importance of immediate action, so as to obtain the concurrence of the House before the adjournment.

Mr. Seward, of New York, expressed his strong disapprobation of the measure. He was unwilling to involve the country in war with all the nations of America South of our own.

Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, introduced an amendment, authorizing the President, in certain cases, to suspend the neutrality laws.

An attempt to make the bill the special order for the next day, was voted down by 27 majority.

The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was further discussed.

Mr. Seward moved an amendment, that the public lands in Kansas shall not be offered at public sale until the expiration of one year from the 1st of November next. Negatived—yeas 17, nays 34.

The Appropriation Bill was debated at great length. The friends of internal improvements, especially the North-Western Senators, introduced amendment after amendment for appropriations to Lake and River Harbors. Nothing was accomplished, and at 4 o'clock the Senate took a recess till 6 o'clock.

Mr. Seward, of New York, made an appeal for Western interests. The proposition under consideration was to appropriate $54,000 for the improvement of the St. Clair flats. Lost by a tie vote—yeas 20, nays 20.

Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, moved an amendment, virtually to engraft the old River and Harbor Bill as an additional section to this bill, and asking appropriations for the harbors of Chicago, Milwaukie, Sheboygan, St. Josephs, Monroe, Clair Flats, Cleveland, Huron, Green River, Ashtabula, Lunenberg, Buffalo, Genesee, Lodus Bay, Oswego, Burlington, and a few others over $950,000, and also $110,000 for the Red River Raft.

Mr. Jones, of Iowa, asked an additional $50,000 for the Des Moines and Rock River Rapids, which was lost—yeas 17, nays 30.

Mr. Pugh's amendment was then voted on and rejected. Yeas 20, nays 23.

Mr. Pugh moved to strike out all the appropriations for life boats and life saving stations on the Atlantic coast, with the view, as he said, of ascertaining whether the North-Western States are to have justice, or to be treated as mere conquered provinces.

Mr. Seward declared that he could not support any such proposal; and the Senate voted it down. Yeas 17, nays 31.

Mr. Polk, of Missouri, moved to reduce the appropriation for the Coast Survey from $250,000 to $150,000. Lost, yeas 11, nays 26.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, moved an amendment suppressing the disbursing agents, and transferring their duties to the Collectors.

This amendment was agreed to. [The Collectors are to be allowed ½ per cent. commission.]

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, moved to strike out the item making an appropriation of $1,000,000 for the Washington Aqueduct. Not agreed to.

Mr. Pugh moved to reduce the same appropriation to $400,000. Not agreed to. Adjourned.

On the 2nd, Mr. Mason, of Va., procured the consent of the Senate to make the resolutions relative to the British aggressions the special order for Saturday noon.

Mr. Houston of Texas, tried to bring up the Mexican Protectorate. In speaking of the resolution, he said that if the Government of this nation does not interfere, in the name of outraged humanity, in Mexico, men will be found who will not shrink from interposing to protect their rights, and the rights of their fellow citizens. He himself could not hesitate, if necessity demanded him to do so; and they who do will neither be liable to the name of filibustering nor amenable to the reproach of marauding. Therefore he demanded an expression, by yeas and nays, of the opinion of the Senate, to show whether it will really do anything or nothing in the matter.

Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, here suggested that he hoped the Senator would accept the Senate's expression as decisive.

The resolution was then defeated—yeas 17, nays 30.

Yeas—Messrs. Clingman, Fitch, Fitzpatrick, Hale, Houston, Johnson of Tenn., Mallory, Polk, Pugh, Rice, Simmons, Slidell, Stuart, Toombs, Trumbull, Wade, and Wright.

Nays—Messrs. Benjamin, Bigler, Broderick, Brown, Cameron, Clay, Clark, Collamer, Davis, Dixon, Durkee, Fessenden, Foote, Foster, Green, Hamlin, Hammond, Harlan, Hunter, Iverson, Jones, Kennedy, King, Mason, Pearce, Reid, Seward, Thompson of Ky., Wilson, and Yulee.

The consideration of the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was then resumed.

Mr. Simmons, of Rhode Island, introduced as an amendment a lengthy re-arrangement of the tariff, which was ruled out of order.

Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, offered as an amendment an appropriation to continue the publication of American State Papers, since 1832—three thousand copies for Government use, Public Libraries, and Foreign Governments. Carried, yeas 33, nays 16.

Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, renewed his motion to appropriate $50,000 for the improvement of the St. Clair Flats, on which the vote being taken, few Senators being present, it seemed as if carried.

Whereupon Mr. Slidell changed his vote to aye, thus acquiring the right to reconsider.

Ere the result was announced, a motion to adjourn was made from the Administration side.

The Opposition called for the yeas and nays, when the motion was agreed to—yeas 28, nays 13.

On the 3rd, Mr. Seward's, of New York, resolution to extend the session of Congress to the 21st inst., was voted on and carried—yeas 33, nays 20. But Mr. Hamlin's amendment, to terminate the session on the 14th, was then voted on, and adopted—yeas 39, nays 17.

Consequently, if the House concur, the adjournment is fixed for Monday, the 14th.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, introduced a bill to revive and put in force the Act of March, 1839, in relation to the North-Eastern Boundary, with such modifications as to make it applicable to the present controversy in regard to the right of search and visitation.

[The principles of this important bill are set forth in another place.]

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, from the Committee on Commerce, reported adversely on the petition of the citizens of New York, asking for an appropriation of four millions of dollars to aid in the erection of a bridge over the East river.

The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was then taken up. Various amendments were discussed. The amendment to make an appropriation for the improvement of the Saint Clair Flats was voted down.

Mr. Seward again unsuccessfully attempted to postpone the sale of the Kansas lands for a year from December, the vote being 16 yeas to 29 nays.

An amendment by Mr. Mason, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to allow Consuls and Diplomatists their salaries while under instructions and while proceeding to and from their posts of duty, was agreed to.

The bill was then passed by a vote of 35 yeas to 13 nays.

The nays were:—Messrs. Cameron, Chandler, Doolittle, Durkee, Hamlin, Harlan, Johnson, of Tenn., King, Pugh, Seward, Trumbull, Wade and Wilson.

The Naval Appropriation Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Mallory offered a resolution asking the Secretary of War to inquire into the expediency of putting fortifications at Key West and the Florida coast in a defensible condition. Agreed to.

The Senate received, but did not act on, the House proposal to adjourn on the 10th inst.

The Senate then went into Executive Session, and subsequently, adjourned—having rescinded the order for an evening session.

On the 4th, the bill introduced by Mr. Kennedy, of Maryland, to establish a mail steamship line between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Europe, was read twice and referred to the Post Office Committee.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, from the Committee on Territories, reported against the present organization of Dacotah.

Mr. Seward, of New York, called up the resolution respecting the adjournment of Congress, and called for the yeas and nays on agreeing to the House amendment, proposing to adjourn on the 10th, which was concurred in—yeas 29, nays 27; consequently, both Houses will adjourn on Thursday next.

The bill reported by the Committee on Commerce, to surrender the stock of the United States in the "Dismal Swamp Company" to the said Company, on certain conditions, was passed.

Also the bill providing allotments of land to the Indians of New York.

Sixty to seventy private bills were also acted upon.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, from the Printing Committee, submitted a report, showing how large a saving can be effected in the cost of the public printing.

Mr. Hunter failed to get up the Naval Appropriations. Whereon the Senate went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 31st, on motion of Mr. Ritchie, of Penns., the House took up the Senate joint resolutions for the adjustment of the present difficulties with Paraguay. He said that, from the importance of the subject, it should be disposed of in one way or another. The proposition has the unanimous recommendation of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Letcher, of Va., moved to strike out so much as authorized the President to use such naval forces as in his judgment were deemed necessary.

Mr. Ritchie replied that the resolutions thus altered would be worthless, and the whole subject had better be given up altogether.

Mr. Crawford, of Ga., asked to offer an amendment authorizing the President to use such forces as in his judgment were deemed necessary, to protect American commerce in the Gulf of Mexico from the interference of British cruisers.

Mr. Ritchie objected, because it was not germane to the preceding question. The attack on the Water Witch occurred in 1855.

Mr. Letcher objected, because the Constitution gave the power to Congress to declare war, and it could not be transferred to the President. If there was a necessity for war, it was for Congress to take the responsibility, and furnish the means for its successful prosecution. He acknowledged the wrong done by Paraguay, but he was for proceeding in a constitutional manner for the adjustment of the difficulties.

Mr. Ritchie replied that what the President would do would be by the authority of Congress. It was thought that the exhibition of a few small vessels would effect the settlement of the difficulties, and there would be no occasion actually to use force, which would not be done except in case of necessity.

Mr. Crawford wished to know why they should only seek redress of Paraguay for firing on the Water Witch, while there were twenty-seven cases of American vessels overhauled by the British cruisers.

Mr. Davis, of Miss., said that members were declaring war against Paraguay, but making no provisions of men or money.

A Voice—We'll do that afterwards.

The resolutions were then passed—yeas 115, nays 79. Mr. Crawford's amendment was defeated.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

The supplemental Indian Appropriation Bill was taken up and subsequently passed.

A debate then took place upon the question whether Mr. Smith, of Va., was correct in his charges against Mr. Douglas and the Illinois Delegation. Mr. Morris, of Ill., pronounced them untrue.

The bill making appropriations for the support of three regiments of volunteers was then taken up.

Mr. J. Glancy Jones, of Penns., said that one of these regiments was needed in any event for the protection of the frontier of Texas. He had kept back this bill now in order, if possible, to get information from Utah to justify the Executive in dispensing with the other two. He was sorry to assert that no such reliable intelligence had reached Washington. They may be wanted, but will not be called out unless it becomes absolutely necessary to enforce the law.

An amendment to the bill was made, providing that if one or both of the regiments for Utah or the frontier's service be dispensed with, the money appropriated for their support shall revert to the treasury, and not be used for any other purpose.

The bill was then reported to the House.

The House again went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up the Loan Bill.

Mr. Shaw, of N. C., and Mr. Gilmer, of N. C., severally spoke as to their respective positions on the Kansas Bill—the former reiterating his former position, the latter denying it.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, and other Republican members congratulated Mr. Gilmer on his change of sentiment.

Speeches on various other subjects were made, when, there being only seven members present, the House adjourned.

On June 1st the Indian Deficiency Appropriation Bill was passed. Also, the bill providing for the support of three regiments of volunteers, by a vote of 101 yeas, against 66 nays.

The House concurred in the report of the Committee of Conference on the disagreement of both Houses to the amendments to the Executive, Judicial and Legislative Appropriation Bill.

The House proceeded to the consideration of the report of the Special Committee, relative to the sale of the Fort Snelling reservation.

After a long debate, adjourned.

On the 2nd, the House resumed the consideration of the Fort Snelling Report. After debate,

Mr. Clark, of New York, offered a series of resolutions. The first one declares that the evidence reported by the Select Committee as to the recent sale of the Fort Snelling reservation, has failed to exhibit any fact or circumstances impeaching the personal or official integrity of the Secretary of War. Adopted on first reading—yeas 133, nays 60.

Mr. Russell, of New York, moved to table the whole subject. Not agreed to—yeas 68, nays 140.

The second resolution of Mr. Clark declared that the management of the sale by agents authorized by the Secretary of War to convey the same, was injudicious and improper, and resulted, by reason of the want of publicity, in the exclusion of that competition among persons desirous of purchasing, which, under the circumstances, should have been permitted. Adopted—yeas 123 nays 64.

Two other resolutions, comprised in the same series, were also adopted. Those resolutions disapprove of the terms of the former sale, and direct that the evidence taken by the Select Committee be transmitted to the Secretary of War, in order that, in conjunction with the Attorney General, he may accept such measures in reference to the sale, as, in his opinion, the public interests may require.

The House, by a vote of yeas 88, nays 108, refused to substitute Mr. Clark's resolutions for those reported by the majority of the Select Committee.

Mr. Clemens, of Virginia, moved to table the whole subject. Disagreed to by five majority.

The first resolution of the majority of the Committee was then defeated by five majority.

Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia, then moved to table the remainder of the resolutions, which was agreed to, yeas 83, nays 76.

Several bills, of no general importance, were then passed, and also a bill giving three years full pay, as a Commander in the Navy, to Capt. Herndon's widow.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, called up the Report of the Committee on Elections, asking to be discharged from the further consideration of the memorials of N. G. Fuller, asking admission as a delegate from the Territory of Dacotah, and in favor of Mr. Kingsbury's retaining his seat as a delegate from Minnesota, or the Territory outside of the State limits of Minnesota.

During the debate that ensued, Mr. Hughes denied the right of Mr. Harris to hold the floor and give members the privilege to speak by his permission.

Mr. Harris denied that Mr. Hughes had the right so to intimate.

Mr. Hughes—It was your course heretofore on this very question.

Mr. Harris—It is false.

Mr. Hughes—You are a liar!

Mr. Harris—It is false, and you can wear it at your pleasure. He then went on to say, that the majority of the Committee took the ground that, where the act of Congress establishes Territorial government, and fixes the area of the Territory, the carving out of a State therein does not repeal the said law by implication.

Mr. Hughes offered and discussed an amendment, declaring that the admission of Minnesota dissolves the Territorial organization, and no one has the right to a seat as delegate, until authorized by statute. The Committee on Territories ought to inquire into the facts, and ascertain whether there were sufficient people for a Territorial government.

Pending the question, the House adjourned.

On the 3d, the House resumed the consideration of the Report of the Committee on Elections, concerning the right of Mr. Kingsbury to a seat as Delegate from the Territory outside of the State limits of Minnesota.

The House, by 22 majority, settled the question by the adoption of Mr. Hughes's resolution, declaring that the admission of Minnesota into the Union operates as a dissolution of the Territorial organization of Minnesota, and that so much of the late Territory as lies without the limits of that State is without any distinct and legally organized government, and that the people thereof are not entitled to a Delegate in the House until that right is conferred upon them by statute.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, asked leave to introduce a preamble, setting forth that the visitation of American merchantmen exercised in the Gulf of Mexico, and ports of Cuba, by the British war steamers, is in direct violation of international law, and in course of which illegal conduct a man was killed; concluding with a resolution that the President is required to give instructions to our Navy to arrest all offending vessels until ample reparation be made by the British Government, and guarantees given for the future exemption from visitation.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, said that the Committee on Foreign Affairs expect to make a report as soon as they can procure a confirmation of the truth of the telegraph report that an American vessel had been fired into, and a man killed, off Pensacola.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, said that he would vote for the resolution, if Mr. Davis would strike out about the man being killed. The despatch comes from the interior portion of the country, and is, therefore, not entirely reliable.

Mr. Keitt, of S. C., said that if the object was to put the resolution on its passage, he should object to its admission.

Mr. Crawford, of Ga.,—I would vote for its passage now.

Various members said they would do the same thing.

The rules were then suspended—yeas 154, nays 43.

On motion of Mr. Davis, the resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The House concurred in the bill, as returned from the Senate, authorizing the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Attorney-General, to make arrangements for the accommodation of the United States Courts, Post Office, and Custom House at Philadelphia.

The Senate Bill, to continue half-pay to certain widows and orphans of officers and soldiers, as provided by the Act of February, 1853, was passed.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, asked, and was excused from serving on the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He said he had repeatedly sought, but was refused leave, as a member of the Committee, to introduce a bill relative to the outrages on the American flag, while the privilege was this morning accorded to another gentleman.

The Speaker remarked that when Mr. Clay asked consent, a single objection was sufficient to prevent it; and the introduction of Mr. Davis's resolution was under a suspension of the rules.

Mr. Clay replied that he had repeatedly asked for a suspension of the rules; but he wished to congratulate the country, and was happy that the subject of the outrages on the American flag had been at last sent to the Committee.

The House amended the Senate's resolution relative to the extension of the session, by substituting Thursday next, and passed it as this form, by a vote of 139 against 64.

The subsequent business transactions were of no special public importance. Adjourned.

On the 4th, the bill confirming settlers in their rights of pre-emption in Illinois was taken up and passed.

Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, from the Committee to examine the accounts of Gen. Calhoun, the late Clerk submitted a partial report, in which it was stated that they embrace expenditures between one and two millions of dollars. Already seventy-seven witnesses have been examined, and not being able to close their labors, asked leave to sit again at the next session, and then submit a final report. Agreed to.

Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, asked leave to introduce a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to cause to be constructed, without unreasonable delay, by contract, or at the Government Navy Yards, ten propeller sloops of war, or despatch vessels, with full steam power and a draft of water not exceeding 12 feet, to be constructed, equipped, and armed, both for speed and as war steamers; also, one side-wheel war steamer, with draft of water not exceeding eight feet, armed and equipped for service in the Chinese seas. The bill appropriates $200,000.

Mr. Scarman, of Ohio, inquired how much they would cost.

Mr. Bocock replied that according to the estimate of the Navy Department, the cost would be $2,300,000.

John Cochrane, of New York, gave notice of an amendment to increase the number of vessels to twenty.

Mr. Hatch, of New York, said that he would move, as an amendment, three war steamers for the North-Western lakes.

Objection was made to the introduction of the bill.

Mr. Bocock moved a suspension of the rules, but failed. The vote standing, yeas 127, nays 66—not two-thirds.

The House passed the bill giving the construction to the Act of February, 1853, to continue the half-pay of certain widows and orphans of Revolutionary officers and soldiers—by which the pay will commence on the 4th of March 1848—involving an expenditure of a million and a half of dollars.

The private calendar was then taken up.

Bills of an uninteresting public character were acted upon, and the House adjourned.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

TRIUMPH OF THE DERBY MINISTRY—RESOLUTION OF CENSURE WITHDRAWN—NAPLES AND ENGLAND, &c.

The Cunard steamship America, brings advices to May 22nd.

The America has on board four of the telegraphic staff of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, en route for Newfoundland, to get everything ready at Trinity Bay for landing the cable.

The America brings advices to the effect that the attempt of Mr. Cardwell to censure the Ministry for the course taken in relation to Indian Affairs, had resulted in the virtual triumph of the Government, the mover having withdrawn his resolution before coming to a vote.

In the House of Lords on the 20th, the Earl of Derby stated that the Government had that morning received important dispatches from India, containing, among other matters, a representation from Sir James Outram as to the severity of the proclamation, and Lord Canning's reasons for issuing it.

In the House of Commons the debate on the vote of censure was resumed.

Lord Palmerston read extracts from the letters addressed by Lord Canning to Vernon Smith, explanatory of the reasons why the proclamation was in some parts so severe, and in some so independent.

Mr. Bright spoke in strong terms of condemnation of Lord Canning's despatch, and declared that he would do nothing toward restoring the late Government to power.

Sir James Graham, in a telling speech, declared he should most unhesitatingly vote against the resolution, although he did not altogether approve of Lord Ellenborough's despatch.

On the 21st, after numerous and repeated calls upon Mr. Cardwell by the Liberal members, to withdraw his resolution, that gentleman, with the concurrence of Lords Palmerston and John Russell, and with the authority of the House generally, consented, and the resolution and amendments were finally withdrawn, thus virtually giving the Ministers a triumph.

Mr. D'Israeli said he consented to the withdrawal of the motion, not for the sake of the Government, but for the sake of India and the best interests of the Empire. In so doing, he appealed to the language of all their dispatches to show that the Government had given to Lord Canning a most cordial and complete support, and he would mention that since Lord Ellenborough's dispatch had been sent out, the Government had communicated with Lord Canning, informing him that he might rely upon their continued confidence and support.—(Cheers.)

The correspondence between Sir James Outram and the Governor-General of India throws new light upon the proclamation of Lord Canning, and mainly led to the withdrawal of Mr. Cardwell's motion. It has been published, and shows that Sir James Outram earnestly and strongly protested against Lord Canning's confiscation policy, but without effect.

The Herald rejoices in the triumph of the Ministry, which it believes will also be received with enthusiasm by the country. It declares the Government would have had an overwhelming majority.

The Daily News says:—"The House of Commons has rarely presented a more singular and exciting scene than that of the great faction fight ending in a compromise. No one who really has at heart the dignity of the House, the welfare of the country, and the safety of India, can regret the result. The Liberal party must feel well satisfied at having escaped the necessity of going to the hustings on a false issue. The leaders of the Liberal party ought to learn wisdom from the event.—The great need of the party is harmony and reconciliation."

On Friday, the 21st, in the House of Lords, Lord Malmesbury stated he had received a reply from the Government of Naples in answer to the claim of indemnity for the engineers of the Cagliari, which he understood to be a refusal, and which he had treated as such. Within the last two hours, however, he had received a dispatch informing him that it was not a positive refusal, but simply an argumentative reply.

The Government of Naples was actively proceeding with its military defence.

The contract between the Atlantic Telegraph Company and the English Government was signed and sealed by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury and the Directors of the Company on the 20th. It is for a period of 25 years from the time the cables shall have been successfully laid down.

The telegraphic fleet had all assembled at Plymouth, and would sail on an experimental trip in a few days. It consists of the United States Frigate Niagara and the British steamers Agamemnon, Valorous, Gorgon and Porcupine.

The London Times, in its city article, refers to the importance of the treaty between the United States and Nicaragua, and the efforts making to obtain exclusive control of the transit route.

Allusion is made to the obstacle which the Clayton Bulwer Treaty presents to annexation, and the consequent attempt to have it abrogated. The Times argues that the treaty is permanent, and there is no power of abrogation on either side, and concludes by saying that as certain parties in the United States may resort to unscrupulous measures to secure their ends, the whole affair is one that palpably requires all the sagacity and firmness of experienced statesmen, which it insinuates are lacking in the present British Cabinet.

The great Derby race, at Epsom, was won by Sir Joseph Hawley's Beadsman, Lord Derby's Foxophelite coming in second. Twenty-three horses ran. The total value of the stakes was about £5,600. Sir Joseph Hawley is reported to have won £40,000.

Mr. Tom Brooch's horse Babylon ran for one of the Epsom events, but came in last. For the Oak stakes, there was a dead heat between Governess and Gildermire, and in the deciding heat Governess won.

A report of the soundings taken in the Red Sea, with a view to test its adaptability for a Sub-marine Telegraph, is published, and the conclusion arrived at is that there is not a better place for laying a cable than the Red Sea.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says that it is now decided that the government of Algeria will be given to Prince Napoleon, and that he will have full powers to administer it without being under the control of a minister in Paris. The prince will depart early in July.

The Turkish Government is said to have consented to a settlement with Montenegro, in consequence of a despatch from its Ambassador in Paris stating that if the Porte did not arrange it, France would formally recognize the independence of Montenegro.

The French Squadron in the Pacific is to be reinforced.

The London Post's Paris correspondent says that the King of Naples lately applied to the Emperor of Russia for a passport. He said he was fearful of France, and could no longer be sure that the British Government would continue its policy of conciliation.

A Cabinet Courier reached Naples on the 14th from St. Petersburg.

Letters from Central Italy and some parts of Lombardy state that the various governments are making preparations against an apprehended Mazzinian rising. Incendiary proclamations are circulated through the country, and it is said that Mazzini himself has appeared at several points to encourage his partisans.

GERMANY.—A Frankfort telegraph says the Hanoverian Resolutions, which are in favor of carrying matters with a high hand against Denmark, have been accepted by the Germanic Diet.

TURKEY.—It was considered not unlikely that the success of the Montenegrins at Grahova would induce the Christians in Herzegovia and Bosnia to rise en masse against the Turks. The Turks are said to have had 2,000 men killed in the affair with the Montenegrins at Grahova.

INDIA.—The Bombay Mail of April 24th had arrived in England. The hot weather had set in in all its intensity, but the greater part of the British forces would necessarily be kept to the field. The advance on Rohilcund had commenced.

Interesting details are given of the capture of Jhansi and Kotah. The resistance at the former was severe, and the British sustained considerable loss, but the operation is pronounced one of the most brilliant of the campaign.

Sir Archdale Wilson, the conqueror of Delhi, had arrived in London.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, May 21.—Since the departure of Wednesday's steamer, there has been a slight decline on all qualities of Cotton, ¼d on lower qualities, and 1-16d on middlings.

THE LATEST.—*Saturday Afternoon, May 22.*—The Cotton market is buoyant, in consequence of the American advices, furnished by the arrival of the steamship Kangaroo to-day. The sales are estimated at 10,000 bales, speculators taking 3000 and exporters 1000 bales. The market closes with an advancing tendency.

STATE OF TRADE.—The advices from Manchester continue of a favorable character. The weather is favorable for the crops.

The Breadstuffs market continues dull. Corn has a declining tendency, and prices are a shade lower. Pork firm and advancing; Beef steady; Bacon firm, holders demanding an advance of 2s. Lard firm at 57s 58s. Sugar quiet, but the quotations barely maintained. Rice dull, at from 6d. Turpentine Spirits firm at 46s. Bigland, Athyn & Co., quote Turpentine Spirits at 48s, an advance of 2s. Tea has slightly declined. Linseed Oil 34s.

There is no change in the state of the Money market. Consols have slightly improved, quoting at 97¾. The Bullion in the Bank of England has increased during the week £129,000.

FURTHER FROM NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, June 4.—The treaty of peace, which has been signed, agrees to the following terms:—Mayor Waterman, for the city authorities, and Gen. Lewis, the Superintendent of the election, to be held on Monday, accepted the forces of the Vigilance Committee as a special police to protect property and life, and to execute the laws. The Vigilance Committee does not disband, but is to retain its organization as a military body, as long as may be necessary for their defence and the performance of their legitimate duties. The rabble are still in the streets, but the number is comparatively small, and no more trouble is expected. Randall Hunt and his friends have been forced to leave the city.

Arrests still continue to be made.

NEW ORLEANS, June 4, 10 o'clock, P. M.—We are on the eve of fresh excitements. An inflammatory placard has been issued by the "American" party, calling the Americans to arms to resist the authority of the Vigilance Committee, though (it is said) more than one-half of the American party are members of the Vigilance Committee, and many of their leaders are well-known Know Nothings. One man has been killed, and another wounded by accident in the head-quarters of the Committee.

NEW ORLEANS, June 5, 10 o'clock A. M.—The mob collected by the placards were addressed by Col. Christy, a candidate for Mayor, and by Col. Henry, of the Nicaragua army. They called the Americans to arms, and offered to lead a charge against the Vigilance Committee at noon to-day. J. P. White, a money broker, was shot at and very dangerously wounded last night, in front of the City Hall. Mr. White is said to have furnished the cotton bales used in forming the barricades constructed by the Vigilance Committee.

Over fifteen hundred names have been enrolled by the Committee, in anticipation of further troubles, which now appear to threaten the peace of the city.

[The telegraphic agent sending the above is evidently in favor of the Vigilance Committee—but we give it as it comes—leaving no ground ourselves one way or the other.]

BOSTON, June 5.—The U. S. sloop of war Macedonian, recently ordered to the Gulf for the protection of American interests in that quarter, sailed from the Navy Yard for her destination yesterday. The Dolphin, also bound for Cuba, received her crew and went into commission to-day. She will leave for the Gulf to-morrow.

☞ Many a person thinks he is honest because he has never cheated. Instead of that, he is only honest because he has never been tempted. What the world calls "innate goodness" is very often a full stomach, and what it terms vice is quite as frequently an empty breakfast.

☞ There is a man in one of the Western States who has moved so often, that whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens all march up and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be tied and carried to the next stopping place.

☞ A lady who obstinately persists in wearing hoops, ought not to complain of being ridiculed. If she will make a barrel of herself, she must expect to be treated as a butt.—*Punch.*

LA CANTATRICE.

By day, at a high oak desk I stand,
And trace in a ledger line by line;
But at five o'clock you dial's hand
Opens the cage wherein I pine;
And as faintly the stroke from the belfry peals
Down through the thunder of hoof and wheels,
I wonder if ever a monarch feels
Such royal joy as mine!

Beatrice is dressed and her carriage waits;
I know she has heard that signal-chime;
And my strong heart leaps and palpitates,
As lightly the winding stairs I climb
To her fragrant room, where the winter's gloom
Is changed by the heliotrope's perfume,
And the curtained sunset's crimson bloom,
To love's own summer prime.

She meets me there, so strangely fair
That my soul aches with a happy pain;—
A pressure, a touch of her true lips, such
As a seraph might give and take again;
A hurried whisper, "Adieu! adieu!
They wait for me while I stay for you!"
And a parting smile of her blue eyes through
The glimmering carriage pane.

Then thoughts of the past come crowding fast
On a blissful track of love and sighs;—
Oh, well I toiled, and those poor hands soiled,
That her song might bloom in Italian skies;—
The pains and fears of those lonely years,
The nights of longing and hope and tears,—
Her heart's sweet debt, and the long arrears
Of love in those faithful eyes!

Oh, night! be friendly to her and me!—
To box and pit and gallery swarm
The expectant throngs;—I am there to see;—
And now she is bending her radiant form
To the clapping crowd;—I am thrilled and proud;
My dim eyes look through a misty cloud,
And my joy mounts up on the plaudits loud,
Like a sea-bird on a storm!

She has waved her hand; the noisy rush
Of applause sinks down; and silvery
Her voice glides forth on the quivering hush,
Like the white robed moon on a tremulous sea!
And wherever her shining influence calls,
I swing on the billow that swells and falls,—
I know no more,—till the very walls
Seem shouting with jubilee!

Oh, little she cares for the fop who airs
His glove and glass, or the gay array
Of fans and perfumes, of jewels and plumes,
Where wealth and pleasure have met to pay
Their nightly homage to her sweet song;
But over the braves clear and strong,
Over all the flaunting and fluttering throng,
She smiles my soul away!

Why am I happy? why am I proud?
Oh, can it be true she is all my own?
I make my way through the ignorant crowd;
I know, I know where my love hath flown.
Again we meet; I am here at her feet,
And with kindling kisses and promises sweet,
Her glowing, victorious lips repeat
That they sing for me alone!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

The question, where by that time I should have been if I had fallen—of what unknown world I should have found myself an inhabitant—long pressed itself on my attention as I lay ruminating, all alone, that night beside my flickering fire.

On the face of the case it must strike every one, that there is nothing more improbable now about any given individual living hereafter, than there was fifty years or a century before he was born that he would live at all. On the contrary the balance of probability is all in favor of his living on. The beginning of existence, and the ending of existence, are certainly much more peculiar and uncommon events than the continuation of existence. Now that the man is come into being, the probability seems much greater that he will continue so, than that another fundamental change will take place and he fall back into nihility. Hence it is so hard to make people feel the imminency of corporeal decease. "*All men think all men mortal but themselves.*"

But carry the examination of the point one step further. Imagine the human being endowed with a pre-natal intelligence, to which future things could be described. Let the infant be yet a day's or week's distance from the commencement of its earthly pilgrimage; and let there be supposed to be presented to it a vision of the world it is approaching; that world's innumerable spectacles and wonders; all its own oncoming experiences for threescore years and ten. Is there, can there be anything in the future we are approaching more wonderful for us, than the scenes of this world would be *to that infant*, suddenly revealed as we have supposed? Yet we know, that infant shall by-and-by enter this state of being and find all these things realities. Where then the improbability of our making in like manner a step forward into a place of new experiences, of realities incomparably more intense, of a life more munificent of wonders? For my own part, I can see no unlikelihood about it. On the contrary, it seems to me to be just the very thing which of all others I ought to expect; since, already in being, I am as it were on the road.

Some will object that much if not all this might be said of the mere animal races. The objection would be fatal to the reasoning if it were a correct one. But it is not. We are estimating a human probability, as it appears to a human mind; and one which is a probability *only because that mind is what it is.* But it can be shown that human mind and brute mind are diverse in their very essence; so that what is a clear probability in respect of the one, is no such thing with regard to the other.

No sooner do we pass the external circumstances of the case, than a very remarkable fact presents itself. The inchoate intellect has no abstract objectivity; but *has* the capacity of forming one; and that formation is a thing of gradual progress up to extremest age. Now it is incredible that this great product and sum of all the other faculties, should be *wiped out* at the very period when it reaches its fullest perfection. The perceptions of a child are all *immediate effects*, of which things in the external world are the cause. Until it has *seen* a horse, it has no *idea of one*; much less can it form the abstract notion of *horse-power*. It must hear sensible tones before it can possess the abstract notion of music. Now, this faculty of abstraction follows a law of perpetual increase from our earliest to our latest day. The octogenarian knows what his "property" means, long after he has ceased to be able to specify correctly its component parts. So long as a single other faculty remains, the operation promotes the growth of this one, of which the office is to know things in the abstract. So that when the ear has become deaf, and the eye can no longer see; when the most odorous perfumes affect not, and the richest viands have lost their power to please; when the limbs can no longer carry the tottering frame forth into the fields, the aged man can sit in his chair, and with closed eyes see his accustomed landscape, and within his own mind hear his well-beloved anthems pealing in the house of his God. In a word, he hears without ears and sees without eyes. Nay, more; if he have much cultivated any individual sense, its corresponding abstract development is such as to leave the original corporeal sense immeasurable lengths behind. The mirror in the eye of the artist can receive the impression of but one scene at one time. But not so the inward *specimen*. On that lie impressed everything he has ever seen. What he saw half a century ago; a face, a figure, a landscape, he can trace you out a copy of at this hour. And things which were in the original linked together, this faculty of his mind can disever; and the separate he can collect into combinations which never existed in the patterns. Show the now deaf musician the score of some new music which he has not heard with his bodily ear. He hears it perfectly, as if in the sounds of actual flute, horn, bugle and trombone. And even better; for where faulty instruments or performers would mar the harmony with an occasional discord, or the melody with false time; his inner faculty moves faultlessly on through the complicated strains. In short he hears in infallible perfection a combination and course of sounds never made or imagined *till his bodily hearing had long ceased to exist.*

A mental world has formed within the man. The mind is withdrawing into an objectivity of its own, consciousness is already dwelling on the very verge of the supersensible. It no longer needs the corporeal eye and ear. It can hear and see by a faculty of its own. It can overcome time and space; make the blue ocean roll, and the Alps arise to its gaze; and realize the scenes of half a century ago, as if they were those of the passing instant.

A further fact presents itself. The *involuntary* motions of the system cease. The man is "dead." But what means *dead?* Just now we left the man a more complete and independent being than he was at any previous stage of his existence. His mind was expatiating in a world of its own, independent of these material scenes; and instead of every thought being a momentary effect proceeding from an immediate outward cause, he could *still* thought of his own to an indefinite extent. Let us know precisely what has occurred since we left the man in this stage and condition. It is this:—Those motions of the body which physiologists call "*the involuntary motions*" have ceased. But those motions were never, by the most reckless theorist, alleged to have anything to do with the structure and condition of the abstractive mind. The rate of the pulse neither increased nor diminished the man's knowledge. A prosperous digestive organism did not make him a good Grecian. His biliary secretions had nothing to do with his mathematical faculties. These involuntary motions were merely the bonds which held him in contact with outward objects. These involuntary motions having ceased, there has ceased his contact with outward objects. He is *gone;—departed from this material system.* His contact with it could not continue, because the involuntary motions, whose specific and sole function it was to maintain that contact, ceased. This is the utmost of the scientific testimony. The more strictly it is examined the most clearly it will appear. The process from first to last, if careful observation can be trusted, was this:—There is formed by means of the intellectual and *voluntary* powers an independent OBJECTIVITY, a supersensible world; that completed, the *involuntary* motions cease, and there results an independent SUBJECTIVITY, a disembodied man. Henceforth the man exists immortal in a world of his own.

And it is most singular how revelation and inductive science agree in their testimony. In matters of this sort common sense is but another mode of designating inductive science in its highest form. And the common sense of all nations has arrayed itself on the side of the immortality of the soul. Can it be said, that in the foregoing analysis of the case, I have either misstated the facts or overstrained the indications they yield? But if not, there is scarcely a clearer case in the whole scope of inductive science.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COCKER'S ARITHMETIC.—Cocker, born about 1631, was an engraver and a teacher of writing and arithmetic, and the writer of several books of exercises in penmanship, some of them on silver plates. His celebrated "Arithmetic" was not published until after his death, before 1677; in the title-page it is described as "a plain and familiar method, suitable to the meanest capacity, for the full understanding of that incomparable art, as it is now taught by the ablest schoolmasters in city and country." The first edition appeared in 1677; the fourth in 1682; the thirty-seventh in 1720; there is no copy of either edition in the British Museum, the libraries of the Royal Society, Sion College, or the London Institution; a copy of the edition of 1678 has been sold for £8 10s. Cocker's arithmetic was the first which entirely excluded all demonstration and reasoning, and confined itself to commercial questions only. This was the secret of its extensive circulation; upon it, nine out of ten of the subsequent arithmetics have been modelled; and every method since the author's time has been "according to Cocker."

☞ Rejected courtesy becomes enmity. If the extended hand is refused, the mere closing of the fingers changes it to a fist.

TRIAL BY ORDEAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

About ten years ago, I was a jolly sub in the —— regiment Bengal native infantry, commonly known through the presidency by the name of the "Ugly Mugs;" a facetious general having told us once that he never inspected a smarter or an uglier corps in his life. We were ordered to a remote station south of the Nerbudda, much nearer either Madras or Bombay than Calcutta, and since then very wisely transferred to the former presidency. On arriving there, in the beginning of the hot weather, I found bungalows scarce and dear, and was only too glad to meet an old friend (the artillery subaltern in charge of post guns), who offered to sell me half his bungalow, and, better still, give me long tick for the payment. I accordingly accepted the offer, breathing a mental prayer that Pluto, as represented by the secretary of the Agra Bank, might be propitious when the time of payment came. There were no troops in the station except our own corps, which, between staff appointments and detachments, was very weak in officers. We were cut off from all the amusements and amenities of civilized life. Our billiard table was useless, as the two centre slabs, after receiving sundry compound fractures, reposed quietly at the bottom of a nullah. Even that last resource of the miserable, matrimony, was denied us, there being neither spinster nor chaplain within two hundred miles. Our time was divided between shooting and fishing excursions, rifle-matches and pigeon-shooting, besides which we taught the Sepoys cricket, and played officers and men of right wing against those of left wing. This afforded capital sport, and, unlike most other amusements, cost little—a small subscription from each defrayed the expense of bats, balls, levelling the ground, &c. I was requested to receive and collect this, which I did on pay-day, the only time when cash-transactions take place.

Being late in the evening when I received it, I placed the amount, about sixty rupees, in my writing-desk, which always remained open on my table; and as I believed my servants to be honest, and thought no one saw me put it there, I considered it safe enough for the present. On looking for it the next morning, the cash was gone, and along with it a few trinkets and all the papers in the desk, some of which were of great consequence to me. It was quite evident that a servant or some one well acquainted with the house had taken it, as an ordinary thief would have taken desk and all without waiting to abstract its contents; besides which, he would doubtless have left other traces of his visit, as a pair of valuable pistols and a silver match-box lying on the same table would have excited his cupidity. My suspicions lit upon a cock-eyed bearer of Caldwell's, to whom I had a strong objection. He certainly was a most sinister-looking individual, and, if not a rogue, his countenance lay open to an action for defamation of character.

Caldwell, on the other hand, felt quite sure that my *dhobie* was the thief, as all the servants declared he was the only person who had entered the room that evening, when he brought in the clean clothes. I don't like speaking in an unknown tongue, but that word *dhobie* is an indubitable and unmitigated staggerer; it means a "male washerwoman," and I know of no word in the English language which expresses that. We were both so positive that, for the first time in our life, we had an angry discussion about it. At length we decided on calling our servants together—about twenty in all—and telling them we were certain the thief was one of themselves, and that we would accordingly deduct the entire amount stolen proportionably from their wages. They were at once assembled in the verandah, and I made them a short speech, announcing our determination. This was touching them on the tenderest point, and all were in the midst of loud protestations of their innocence, when in walked Ajudiah. He was a small spare man, but being a high-caste Brahmin, and having held the office of regimental pundit for a quarter of a century, he was greatly respected by the men. He had the reputation of being very learned, and had scraped together a large sum of money, as, in addition to his regimental salary, he levied large contributions from the Sepoys in his priestly capacity, and gave instructions in Hindoo and Sanscrit. Caldwell and I had been pupils of his, and he now came ostensibly to make salam, but really to remind us that we owed him a small balance. On learning the state of affairs, he said: "Defender of the poor! protector of the oppressed! it is easy to pronounce judgment, but between judgment and justice a wide difference exists. It cannot be concealed from the brilliant light of your penetrating mind, that if you act as you propose, all your servants will suffer equally with the guilty one. I have no doubt, if such be your pleasure, that, with the aid of my own skill and your good-fortune, I can discover the individual who has been faithless to his salt." I have always had a most profound contempt for the Brahmins and their transparent humbug; but thinking that fear of detection might induce the culprit to confess, I gravely assented, and said I should feel much obliged by his coming next morning soon after sunrise, to make his investigation.

I had not the slightest expectation that it would be successful, but I thought it might be some amusement, and at mess that evening, I mentioned it to my brother-officers, and invited them to come and see the fun.

We were hardly seated at coffee the next morning, when Ajudiah made his appearance, and asked permission to commence his experiments. This being graciously accorded, he began by seating all the servants on a *chabootra*, or raised platform of masonry, in front of the bungalow. He then seated himself in the middle, with a brass dish containing undressed rice at one side, and a pair of small scales and weights at the other. After mumbling a few prayers and stretching out his hands several times over the rice, with the palms upon and the knuckles uppermost, like a person warming his hands at a fire, he commenced operations by doling out to each servant a rupee's weight of the dry rice. He used a peculiar kind of rupee (the chahuimahee) for this purpose. As each man's portion was weighed out, it was placed on a piece of plantain leaf, about six inches square, and deposited in his lap by a young Brahmin, who was Ajudiah's *chela*, or disciple. When all had received their quantum, he stood up, and stretching out his hands to the four quarters of heaven, as if invoking the judgment of the Deity, desired them to commence, whereupon all hands took their portion of rice in their mouths, and began chawing away vigorously. While this was going on, the Brahmin took up his rosary, made of the beautiful brown berries of the *Melia Azederachta*, and appeared quite absorbed in prayer and meditation, though I have no doubt the cunning old rogue kept a sharp lookout all the time.

After this lasted a couple of minutes, he gave the signal to cease, and all immediately returned their portion of rice to their leaf, with a profusion of those disgusting and unearthly sounds which only a native of India can produce.

He then went round and inspected the contents of each leaf, a most uninviting spectacle, I must confess, for in all, the rice was thoroughly masticated and saturated with saliva. On my asking which was the guilty one, he replied:—"Mighty sir, under your favor, all these men are innocent." I said:—"I feel sure some one of the servants is the thief, and are they not all present?" No one replied; and on looking again I observed that my khidmutgar was absent. I did not in the least suspect him, as I considered him a very respectable man; he came to me with a very high character from his former master, and during the two years he had been in my service had fully maintained it. However, as I thought that in justice none should be exempted, I desired him to be summoned. He came, after a little delay, and excused his absence by saying he had been busy in the cook-house preparing coffee. I noticed that the man's manner was different from his usual composed and almost dignified way of speaking, but thought it might arise from his repugnance as a Mussulman to have intercourse with a Brahmin.

The man sat down among the other servants, and took his prescribed portion of rice without further remark.

Feeling sure of the result, I paid no further attention to their proceedings, until Caldwell exclaimed: "I say, P——, your old kit will sprain his teeth and dislocate his upper jaw if he goes on much longer like that." I then observed that the khidmutgar was making frantic efforts to chew, his entire head and body moving with the exertion; the pundit standing near and encouraging him with such words as: "Use your strength, my brother; why should the innocent fear God's judgment." This went on for a few minutes, when the khidmutgar was desired to return the rice into his leaf. He did so, and it appeared as dry as when it went into his mouth: the grains seemed slightly crushed, but not broken, nor was there a particle of saliva adhering to them. The pundit then said: "This man's guilt is manifest; he dare not deny what all the gods declare so evidently." The khidmutgar's countenance certainly exhibited all the marks of guilt and confusion. A native has one advantage, that if he blushes, it cannot be seen, and "*de non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio*," but though, when under the influence of fear or rage, he does not exactly grow pale, his face assumes somewhat of the hue of an unripe lemon.

Such was the case in the present instance. He stood before me with his hands closed in the attitude of prayer, unable to look in my face, and trembling in every limb. I then told him I felt sure he was the thief, and discharged him on the spot, with forfeiture of all wages due. I sent for the *choudry* or head-man of the bazaar, and had his hut and boxes examined, but nothing was found; we searched his person with no better success; and he was resuming his turban with a triumphant air, when I perceived a suspicious-looking lump on the pendent end of it. The knot was opened, and disclosed a small bit of paper about four inches square, which proved to be a *hoondee* or letter of credit for the exact sum I had lost, drawn by a *shroff* or native banker, and dated the previous day, being the one after the robbery. This was proof not to be withstood, and they were marching him off to jail, when he asked to speak to me in private. I took him a little apart, when he said, if I promised not to send him to the magistrate, he would restore the cash. This I promised, when he confessed that he was in his *bottle khana*, or pantry, when he saw me put the money into my desk, and that while I was at mess the devil prompted him to steal it. The other things he concealed in a lot of fowls' feathers behind the cook-house, where we found them.

I will not leave it to physiologists to decide how fear, or the consciousness of guilt, acting on the salivary glands, can make them refuse to perform their usual office. I never saw the experiment repeated, nor did I ever hear of its being performed before a European, although I understand the native *punchayets* (courts of arbitration) frequently make use of it.

What made it more extraordinary in the present instance was, that the convicted person was a Mohammedan, and therefore unlikely to be influenced by the superstitious fear with which a Hindoo regards a Brahmin. Of course all the servants attributed it to the efficacy of the ceremonies performed by so holy a man, and we formed various conjectures on the subject. The surgeon gave us a most scientific elucidation, which left us no wiser than before; and Lieutenant Fast assured us, that whenever he dissipated at all he felt a dryness in his mouth the following morning; that probably it would be much worse if he stole anything, but could not tell till he tried: and as I never heard of his essaying the experiment, I cannot tell my readers the result.

BURR'S OPINION OF LADIES.—"That man," said he one day of a stranger who had just left the room, "is no gentleman." "Why not?" exclaimed the ladies in a chorus. "Because he introduced politics before ladies," answered Burr. "But, colonel, have ladies no sense, then?" With a smile, he said in his soft, whispering way, "*All* sense, madam, yet it is better to talk sweet little nothings to them."—*Parton's Life of Burr.*

☞ A kiss, says a French lady, costs less and gratifies more than anything else in existence.

PROPAGATION OF FISH.

The President of the American Institute, New York, lately read a lengthy paper on the subject of artificial propagation of fish. In answer to a question, he said:—The proposition that I made last year to the Legislature was that if a law was passed to protect seed, I would stock the waters of the State with salmon.

He also stated:—I have eight ponds upon my farm, stocked with forty-five kinds of fish, among which I have one pond of trout. They grow more rapidly in a pond where well-fed than in streams. I have also some in a cask, and they are so tame that they will come to me at the sound of a bell and eat from my hand. There is no reason why fish-growing cannot be made profitable. My gold-fish are very gentle and flourishing, but are not esteemed for food. They are, however, very ornamental.

I have one pond devoted to pike, which are extremely voracious, but have become quite docile. They pair about the first of April, and deposit their eggs, and never look after them again until their eggs are hatched, when the old pike devour their own offspring. Their favorite food is frogs. I think a small fish-pond would produce a greater profit than a ten acre field well cultivated. The yellow perch is also a good fish, and does well in my ponds. Sometimes perch die from bursting their bladders in shallow water in warm weather.

The striped bass I have also succeeded in growing in fresh water to advantage, notwithstanding it is a sea fish. The common shad is the most interesting of all my fish. They spawn about 45,000 eggs each, and would multiply to a great extent if not destroyed. I have succeeded in growing shad in fresh water, and have had them to grow five or six pounds in a single year. In fact, I think the shad endures but a single year. A shad eats by suction, and never bites at a hook.

I have also a variety of fish from the great lakes, all of which are in a flourishing condition. I deposited in one pond 3 000 eels, and have succeeded in raising them by feeding them with salt, as they are only found naturally in situations where they have access to the ocean. I am satisfied that the eel is oviporous, notwithstanding the contrary opinion has often been advanced.

The sense of smell in fish is generally very strong, and the sense of hearing is also well developed. The sight is also very keen in some species, though they cannot see in turbid water. The sucker is acutely sensible to touch.—Their taste is the least delicate of any of the senses, since some of them devour food indiscriminately, without regard to quality. Fish for food are always in the finest condition when full of eggs.

After spawning, they deteriorate very rapidly. Fish food is proved to be nutritious and wholesome by the healthy condition of fishermen's families. I have not been able to domesticate cod-fish in fresh water ponds. I intend, however, to continue experiments. It is an interesting fact that the Common School Fund of Massachusetts owes its origin to cod-fishery. I expect to be able to domesticate the tench, the physician fish of the race, its slime serving to heal the wounds in other species. There is no difficulty in transporting fish ova from one part of the country to another, nor in hatching the young fish.—*Transactions of the American Institute.*

To the foregoing we would add the following from the London *Athenæum*:

The experiment made by the Emperor of the French to stock the waters of St. Cloud with trout hatched artificially, has met with complete success. Trout twelve months old are eight inches long, and weigh from 2½ to 3½ ounces. Their value in the Paris market would be from 20 to 25 cents. The trout 33 months old are from 19 to 20 inches long, and weigh from 24 to 41 ounces, and would sell from 60 cents to $1.20. It is further stated that the waters at St. Cloud were never before inhabited by any species of *salmonidæ*. The trout are extremely numerous, and promise to yield highly productive returns, in a commercial point of view. The principal object of the Emperor is to ascertain whether the production of fish by artificial means is more profitable than the cultivation of the land, taking the same superficial area in both cases.

REMARKS.—The above article, though brief, is interesting, and should have the effect to stir up those who have the appliances, to provide ponds and fill them with choice fish. There are hundreds of farms, now within our knowledge, possessing every facility for having large ponds supplied with fresh running water. Millions of fish could be propagated in them, affording at all seasons of the year not only a full provision for the family, but for a dozen families, or the surplus could be carried to market with the other products of the farm.

The reference to shad, and its length of life, is undoubtedly correct. We do not believe that the shad ever makes its appearance in our rivers *a second time.* In other words, it either dies immediately after spawning, or after it reaches the "great deep" on its return. A gentleman at Reading, in this State, with whom we were conversing on the subject a few days ago, informed us that when shad were formerly taken in the Schuylkill at that point (before the damming of the river), he every season saw thousands of shad which had died immediately after spawning. Those surviving for the time, looked ghastly and were just able to move. He has no doubt of the fact, that the fish never returns but once, matures in a single year, and then disappears. The young shad, when they leave us, at the end of the season, frequently attain the length of six inches, though generally about three or four, which proves that they grow rapidly.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.—Many regard the kaleidoscope as a beautiful toy and nothing more; but Sir David Brewster shows how admirably it is adapted to furnishing or suggesting ornamental patterns in manufactures, especially now that its images can be fixed by photography. Symmetry being the foundation of all beauty, especially in conventional drawing, and the most perfect symmetry that can be conceived being secured by means of the instrument, it is obviously an aid the value of which to manufacturers cannot be over estimated.

ARTISTIC AFFECTATION.

Many years ago, at Florence, the loiterers in the Tribune were startled by the sudden rush into the room of a little man, whose literary fame gave him high claims to intuitive taste. He placed himself, with clasped hands, before the chief attraction in that room of treasures, and, "There," he murmured, "is the Venus de' Medici, and *here* I must stay—forever and forever!" He had scarcely uttered these words, each more deeply and solemnly than the preceding, when an acquaintance entered, and the enthusiast, making a hasty inquiry if Lady —— had arrived, left the room, not to return again that morning. Before the same statue, another distinguished countryman, whose reputation for taste was better founded, and whose sensibility old age had not blunted, used to pass an hour daily. His acquaintance respected his raptures, and kept aloof; but a young lady, whose attention was attracted by sounds that did not seem expressive of admiration, ventured to approach, and found the poet sunk in profound but not silent slumber. We have been assured that an eminent actor, now no more, thought it necessary to be positively deprived of his breath by the first sight of the Apollo Belvidere, and panting to regain it, he convulsively clutched the arm of his companion, with difficulty articulating—"I breathe!"

Sir Walter Scott is one of the few men of eminence who have shown themselves entirely free from affectation and embarrassment in visiting the galleries of Italy. When the wonders of art were pointed out to him, more especially those that require a deeper knowledge to appreciate, he would ask, "Is that thought fine? Will you tell an ignorant body why it is fine?" Perhaps (the answer might be) what you will see most readily is the grandeur of the dramatic effect—the depth of the expression—the way in which the story is told—"Ah, I can see that;" and as each point of excellence was explained in succession—the skill in grouping, the correctness of drawing, the beauty of form, or the harmony of color—he would reply, "Ah, I could fancy that," or "I could look at that till I thought I saw it."—*London Quarterly.*

MRS. HEMANS.

In the following passage from Miss Jewsbury's Three Histories, she avowedly describes Mrs. Hemans:

"Egeria was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or in England. She did not dazzle; she subdued me. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute, but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. Her birth, her education, but above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic, in one word the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life; it touched all things, but, like a sunbeam, touched them with a golden finger.

"Anything abstract or scientific was unintelligible or distasteful to her. Her knowledge was extensive and various; but true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character and religious belief—poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, colored all her imaginative conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound; there was no room in her mind for philosophy, nor in her heart for ambition. The one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness.

"She had a passive temper, but decided tastes: any one might influence, but very few impressed her. Her strength and her weakness lay alike in her affections; these would sometimes make her weep, at others imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately a 'falcon-hearted dove,' and a 'reed broken with the wind.' Her voice was a sweet, and melody, and her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange tree, with its

"'Golden lamps, hid in a night of green,'

or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate blossoms beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if in her sadness she resembled night, it was night wearing her stars. I might describe and describe forever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria. She was a Muse, a Grace, a variable child, a dependent woman, the Italy of human beings."

ORIGIN OF THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.—Gotham (says Grouse) is a village of Nottinghamshire, and its magistrates are said to have attempted to hedge in a cuckoo, and a bush—called the Cuckoo's Bush—is still shown in support of the tradition. Many other ridiculous stories are told of the wise men of Gotham. A man, riding from Gotham market with two bushels of corn, was afraid of giving too much weight to his horse, and set the corn on his neck, and so rode to the end of his journey! A man has a cheese rolling out of his wallet on the road to market; and when he sees it run away down hill, he sets all the rest adrift in the same way, charging them all on their allegiance to meet him in the market place! Another buys an iron instrument with three legs, and under the sage metaphysical mistake that the legs necessarily imply motion, leaves it to get home by itself, because it could travel better than himself, having one leg more than he possessed! Others tie their rents in a large purse to a hare, and along with the purse a letter, and commission puss to go through two market towns to their landlord, who lives in a third!

PROUDHON ON SATAN.—Mr. Proudhon, the noted Socialist, says in his recent work, which has just been seized in France, by judicial process: "Come, Satan, come, thou the calumniated of priests and of kings! Let me embrace thee, let me press thee to my bosom! Long is it that I have known thee, and long hast thou known me! Thy works, oh, blessed one of my heart! not always are they beautiful and good; but they alone give a meaning to the Universe, and save it from absurdity. What would man be without thee? A beast. Thou alone animatest and fecundatest labor: thou ennoblest wealth, thou excusest power, thou puttest a stamp on virtue! Hope then still, thou proscribed one! I have to serve thee but a single pen, but it is worth millions of *bullions.*"

MY FRIEND.

My Friend has a cheerful smile of his own,
And a musical tongue has he,
We sit and look in each other's face
And are very good company.
A heart he has, full warm and red
As ever a heart I see;
And as long as I keep true to him,
Why, he'll keep true to me.

When the wind blows high, and the snow falls fast,
And the wassailers jest and roar,
My Friend and I, with a right good-will,
We bolt the chamber door:
I smile at him and he smiles at me
In a dreamy calm profound,
Till his heart leaps up in the midst of him
With a comfortable sound.

His warm breath kisses my thin grey hair,
And reddens my sunken cheeks;
He knows me better than you all know,
Though never a word he speaks;
Knows me as well as some had known,
Were things—not as they be:
But hey, what matters? My Friend and I
Are capital company.

At dead of night when the house is still,
He opens his pictures fair,
Faces that are—that used to be—
And faces that never were.
My wife sits sewing beside the hearth,
My little ones frolic wild:
Though—Lillian's wedded these twenty year,
And I never had a child.

But hey, what matters? when they who laugh
May weep to-morrow: and they
Who weep be as those that wept not—all
Their tears long wiped away.
Let us burn out, like you, my Friend,
With a bright warm heart and bold,
That flickers up to the last, then drops
Into quiet ashes cold.

And when you flicker on me, my Friend,
In the old man's elbow-chair,
Or—in something quieter still, where we
Lie down, to arise all fair,
And young, and happy—why then, my Friend,
If other friends ask for me,
Tell them, I lived, and loved, and died
In the best of all company!

RUSHING HEADLONG INTO MARRIAGE.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER IV.

It was a very blue look-out: Captain Courtenay had called it so, when he was examining his Christmas bills; but that blue was *couleur de rose*, compared with the deep blue of the look-out now. With some trouble, and at a considerable sacrifice, he succeeded, after a week's incarceration, in "arranging matters;" but to do so, cost him far more than his improvidence had bargained for: his income was cut down two-fifths, and would continue thus docked, for many years to come.

They left their house at Brompton, (to economize there, in the very sight of their intimate friends and neighbors, would be too galling,) and settled in a smaller one, with their children, four now, and two servants. Perhaps the most cruel point in the whole affair, to Mrs. Courtenay, was the being reduced to keep but two, a nurse and a maid-of-all-work. If she had despised one thing more than another in her sister's household, who had married for love, upon three hundred a year, it was that useful but sometimes very troublesome appendage, a servant-of-all-work. The house they moved into was close to that of her sister, Mrs. Lance; and for some time after taking possession of it, Mrs. Courtenay chiefly spent her days in tears, and Captain Courtenay in sitting over the fire, with a pipe and a newspaper.

The poor captain was really to be pitied. He had the misfortune to be an idle man, a man of no profession or occupation: and he had been obliged to give up his comfortable (and expensive) club, his opera, and his kid gloves. All his old habits, confirmed and strong, were rudely broken through, and instead of playing the dandy abroad, he gave way to the sulks at home.

It was not altogether a desirable home, for Mrs. Courtenay had no idea of management: the servants scenting what sort of a mistress they had, showed less, and the young children tore about the house uncontrolled, destroying the peace of every room, and frequently coming to grief and screams. As to saving in the domestic details of housekeeping, Mrs. Courtenay had not the faintest conception how to begin, and the house remained a perpetual scene of worry and confusion.

One evening Mr. and Mrs. Lance were sitting together after dinner, in their comfortable dining-room, in their pleasant house. Not that their house was fine or large, but pleasant and comfortable it certainly was: for there were no storms in it, whether from parents, servants, or children, but there was well-ordered regularity. Their children—they had three—were with them now, but they were not trained to give way to wayward humors. Whilst they were talking, Mrs. Courtenay was shown in, and down she immediately sat upon a chair and burst into tears. Mr. and Mrs. Lance approached her with surprise and commiseration; and little Annie, the eldest child, was so aghast at the sight, that she backed against the wall, in doubt whether she should not set up a cry too.

"I am tired and worried out of my life, Annie," began Mrs. Courtenay to her sister. "All my efforts to be a good manager turn out wrong. I thought I would try and do the dinner to-day, for that servant of mine is so insolent and extravagant: I said there was enough mutton in the house for dinner, made into a haricot—"

"Do you mean an Irish stew?" interrupted Mrs. Lance.

"That's what vulgar people call it, Annie. Susan drew down the corners of her mouth, and said not if she made it; so she remark settled me, and I said I would do it myself. And I thought I did do it beautifully," added the unhappy lady, with a choking sob between every other word, "and when it came to be turned out it was all burnt black to the saucepan, and smelt like a dozen blankets on fire."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Lance.

"So there was no dinner for any of us, and the captain went out, swearing, with a bang that shook the ceilings, to get some where he could. Do give me a few lessons, Annie, and tell me how you manage—though I used to laugh at your ways. I am afraid he'll swear at me next, and I should never survive that."

Mr. Lance rose from his chair and smiled. "It will all come right, Mrs. Courtenay, if you only have a little perseverance. Annie was a good manager from the first, but she is better now. And while you take your first lesson, I will go in to my friend Desborough: I was telling Annie when you came, that I owed him a visit."

"I could not swallow a scrap of anything if you paid me, I'm too miserable," sobbed Mrs. Courtenay, interrupting her sister's hospitable intentions. "I will drink a cup of tea when you take yours."

"You shall have it directly, Augusta. The servants must have finished dinner by now, and the children shall go back to the nursery."

"Tell me exactly how you manage throughout the day, Annie," said Mrs. Courtenay, when they were alone. "I will try, in my own house, to imitate it."

"I manage much as I used to do in my early married days, only there is more to do," said Mrs. Lance. "Mary gets up at six—"

"And my beauty crawls down stairs at eight," interrupted Mrs. Courtenay, in a tone of wrath, "and the more I talk to her, the longer she lies; and the nurse is worse."

"Those sort of servants would be useless in my house," said Annie. "We breakfast at eight, and I am out of bed before seven."

"What in the world do you get up so soon for? You, I mean. It is unnecessary to rise before seven for an eight o'clock breakfast."

"I find it none too early. I like to be neatly dressed; not to come down stairs 'a figure,' as it is called, in badly arranged hair, or an untidy, ugly dressing-gown. Then I spare a few minutes for my private reading, and a minute for the nursery, for I do not choose Anne to slur over little prayers to a careless nurse. I hope you always hear your children theirs, Augusta."

"I hear them now and then at night, if I have time; never in a morning: I don't think they say any. What do prayers matter for such little children?"

"The impressions made on young children last forever, and they tend to good or to evil," remarked Annie, in a low voice. "But let me go on. Annie breakfasts with us, the other two with nurse in the kitchen: they are too young for *that* to hurt them," she added, in a meaning tone. "Afterwards, when Geoffry is gone, I read to Annie for five minutes, or so—"

"Read what?" asked Mrs. Courtenay, in surprise. "Fairy tales?"

"Bible stories," added Mrs. Lance, gravely. "What would become of me, of them, if I did not strive to train my children to God? How should I answer for it hereafter? Then begins the business of the day. I occupy myself in the nursery and mind the children, while nurse helps with the beds; and the—"

"Making yourself a nurse the first thing in the morning!" groaned Mrs. Courtenay; "I'm sure I can never bring myself to do that."

"Everybody to their taste," laughed Annie. "I would rather be a nurse in the morning than in the evening. When the beds are made, nurse relieves me, and I go down and help Mary in the kitchen. Sometimes I wash the breakfast things, and make a pudding, sometimes I iron the fine things: in short, I do what there is to do, of the work I have apportioned to myself. By eleven or twelve o'clock, as it may happen, it is all done, and I am at liberty for the day, to sit down in the drawing-room, to my sewing, and chat with my friends who may call to see me. Useful sewing now, Augusta," she laughed; "no longer embroidery, or drawing, or painting, or wax flowers."

"Have you given up all those pleasant recreations?"

"I really fear I have. I find no time for them. I make all my children's things, and part of my own and my husband's. On washing-days I am in the nursery till dinner-time, and we always, that day, have cold dinner, that both servants may help. You see I manage as I used to, and it is only repeating what I have told you before."

"You do seem to have such super-excellent servants!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, in a sarcastic tone.

"Yes, I have very good ones. Servants are much cried out against, and no doubt some are good and some are bad, but they should be carefully chosen before admitted to the house, and I think that a good mistress generally meets with good servants. I do not mean that mine are faultless: it would indeed be a miracle: but they know they are well off with me, for though I am resolute in having their duties thoroughly performed, I am a considerate mistress, anxious for their own comfort and welfare."

"And you never have but one dinner. Aunt Clem went on so to me once in the other house, about my having two dinners, one for ourselves and another for the servants. She called it waste."

"It is so," answered Mrs. Lance; "both of time and provisions. The children have theirs in the middle of the day, they are too young to wait, but that is not much trouble. A rice pudding, perhaps, and a bit of steak, or two mutton chops: the baby does not eat meat yet."

"But my servants grumble my life out when I order only one dinner: it was my saying they must wait to-day, and dine after us, that put Susan out about the meat."

"I do not wonder at it: with such irregularity, which to them must appear like caprice, how can you expect cheerful obedience? Let them understand, once for all, that they dine after you, and if they persist in being discontented, the best plan will be to change."

"Change! I am always changing: you know I am, Annie. And then the taking out the children—oh, the worry it is! Of course *I* am not going streaming out with them, and Susan can't go and leave the work, so I hire a girl, the green-grocer's daughter, and give her sixpence a time, but the nurse does not choose to approve of it, and says she is more plague than help."

"Ah, we are well off in that respect," said Mrs. Lance, with animation. "We have no right to the square, not absolutely living in it, but somehow we are popular in the neighborhood, and have had a key given to us. It is so useful: the nurse goes there with all three children, and can sit down with the baby whilst Annie and the boy run about."

"All things seem'd to turn up well for you," rejoined Mrs. Courtenay, querulously, "I'm sure they don't for most people. I wish I could get a key of the square."

"I think that when people set their faces resolutely to their duty and strive to make the best of it, humbly trusting to be *helped* in it, that many things do turn up for them quite wonderfully," answered Mrs. Lance, gently.

"Annie! the idea of your mixing up religious notions with the petty concerns of life! It is quite methodistical."

"Rather high church, of the two, I fancy," responded Annie good humoredly. "But rely upon it, Augusta, that until people have learnt to remember that God's eye is upon them in all the trifles of daily life, they have not learnt how to live."

"You harp, too, upon 'system' and 'regularity.' I know I shall never learn to practice either."

"But you must; for the comfort of a family mainly depends upon that. At five, while we dine, the children take their tea in the nursery, and when we have finished, they come to us while the servants dine. By seven, the children are in bed."

"And then you sit stitching away here all the evening!" said Mrs. Courtenay.

"Very often I do, and Geoffry reads to me: the newspaper, or our periodicals. And nurse does her part to the stitching in the nursery."

"Such a humdrum, Darby-and-Joan sort of life!"

"We would not change it for yours, Augusta," laughed Annie. "But I do not work always: sometimes I read, or we play at chess, or cribbage, and now and then a friend drops in, or we drop in to a friend's. Believe me, we are thoroughly happy and contented. I told mamma I knew we could manage well on three hundred a year, and we have done so, and are fully satisfied. All of you, except papa, have spoken scornfully of my lowering myself to two servants, and one of these a nurse, but I have more regularity and comfort in my house than you had with your four. No one who comes here sees them otherwise than perfectly neat and tidy; for both the servants understand that were they to appear otherwise, they must look out for fresh situations."

"Do your servants have meat at luncheon?"

"Never. They have it at one meal only—dinner. They eat as much as they please then. Believe me, Augusta, we have no stinting in necessaries, though we cannot afford luxuries."

"You are not too luxurious in dress, that's certain," said Mrs. Courtenay, looking at her sister's, a ruby merino; "and yet, it really looks well," she added, "with its pretty trimmings of fringe."

"Quite as well, for a home dress, as your rich silk, Augusta. Especially with that great splash of grease down the front."

"Splash of grease!" echoed Mrs. Courtenay, hastily casting her eyes on her dress, and beholding a broad, running stain. "There! I must have done that to-day, meddling with that abominable cooking."

"You surely did not do your cooking in that expensive dress?" exclaimed the younger sister.

"What else could I do it in?" fretfully retorted Mrs. Courtenay. "I could not be in a shabby wrapper and a loose, dirty jacket over it at two or three o'clock in the day, when people might be calling."

"I would not be seen in either, at any time, Augusta. But there's the advantage of getting over these domestic jobs early in the day. You should have a large apron to put on in the kitchen, as I do."

"To save that dress!" sarcastically asked Augusta Courtenay, who was in a thorough ill-temper.

"No, this is not my morning dress," quietly returned her sister. "That is only alpaca.—But it is nicely made, not a 'wrapper' or a 'loose jacket,' and is neither dirty nor shabby."

"How do you make soup?" pursued Mrs. Courtenay, ignoring the implied reproof. "Susan sends up ours all water, and the captain can't eat it; although she has four pounds of meat to make it with, which looks boiled to rags, fit only to throw away."

"Oh, Augusta! four pounds of meat wasted in soup! You will never economize at that rate. Poor people—as perhaps I may venture to call you now, with ourselves—should never attempt expensive soups. For them it is waste of money."

"I'm sure I have heard you talk of having soup often enough," angrily returned Mrs. Courtenay.

"Yes, soups that cost nothing, or next to nothing."

"Like that parsonage soup!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, bursting into a laugh. "Do you remember, Annie? You came home from one of your visits at Aunt Rattley's, boasting of some delicious, cheap soup; and when mamma inquired how this delicious, cheap soup was made, you said of young pea-shells. It remained a standing joke against you. Is that how your soups are made?"

"No. Winter is not the season for pea-shells. But I suppose what I am going to say to you will appear quite as much of a joke.—We rarely make our pea-soup of anything but bones."

"Bones!" repeated Mrs. Courtenay, as much astonished as if her sister had said feathers.

"We never waste a bone. Beef-bones, mutton-bones, all, in short, are boiled, and boiled long, for about twelve hours: they stand by the side of the kitchen fire, not monopolizing it: with an onion or two, a turnip, a carrot, and celery. It is all strained off, and the next morning is in a jelly. The peas are then boiled in it with some mint, and it is an excellent soup. Then sometimes we have the French soup, as we call it. That poor French governess whom I invited to stay with me when she lost her situation, taught Mary how to make it. She used to make it for herself on Fridays, and say she preferred it to fish. I thought at first she said it out of delicacy, to prevent my going to the expense of fish for her, but I believed afterwards that she really did prefer it. It was a treat to her, for she never got it in England."

"What soup is it?"

"The French call it soupe maigre. On fast-days they put a piece of butter into a saucepan, on other days a piece of dripping, let it melt, and put into it a quantity of vegetables ready cut in small pieces, carrots, turnips, leeks and potatoes. They stir all these about over the fire, till they are well saturated with the dripping or butter, but not to brown them, then fill up the saucepan with water, and let it boil for two or three hours, adding pepper and salt to taste. You cannot think what a nice soup it makes."

"I am willing to take your word for it," returned Mrs. Courtenay, with an ungracious accent. "Soup made of dripping, and pea-soup made of bones! I wonder what the captain would say if I placed such before him."

"If placed before him, well made, he would say they were excellent," was the rejoinder of Annie. "My husband thinks them so, and it is not necessary to proclaim your mysteries of economy over the dinner-table. Both these soups are very grateful on a cold winter's day. Besides," she laughed, "they save the meat; my servants like these soups so much now that they often make their dinner of them, and will put away the meat untouched. Augusta," broke off Mrs. Lance, in a changed tone, "if you are to despise every word I say, as I see you do, why come to me for information?"

"No, I do not despise your words, Annie; I am obliged to you for being at the trouble to explain to me; but I cannot help despising the cookery; the odd, parsimonious way of concocting soups out of nothing. It is so ridiculous!"

"Had I begun life upon the income you did, Augusta, I dare say I should never have learnt these frugal odds and ends of cookery. But I can testify that they are very helpful both to comfort and to the purse; and if those who enjoy but my confined income do not understand them, or have them practised in their household, they ought to do so."

"What ought pies to be made of?" interrupted Mrs. Courtenay, remembering another domestic stumbling block.

"Many things. Apples, and rhubarb, and—"

"Nonsense, Annie! You know I meant the crust."

"No, I did not. I make mine of lard. Sometimes of beef dripping."

"Beef drip——Well, what next? You must have learnt that at the parsonage."

"No, indeed, the parsonage was not rich enough to possess dripping. If by good luck it did get any, the children used to scramble for it to put on their bread. Nicely clarified, it makes a very fair crust. But I generally use lard."

"Susan won't use anything but the best fresh butter; such a quantity; about a pound and a half to every pie."

"Make them yourself, Augusta."

"I can't; nobody can eat them. I have tried my hand at three or four, and they were as hard as lead, and could not be cut into; you might throw them from here to York, and they'd never break. But all these things are nothing to the washing; that's dreadful. I have taken to have most of it done at home, for the expense was ruinous, and the servants would not so much as rub out a duster. Every Monday morning a woman comes—"

"You should have it done on Tuesday," interrupted Annie, "and the clothes should be soaped and put in soak on Monday morning; they come clean with half the labor. And every fortnight would be often enough."

"They seem not to come clean at all in our house," groaned Mrs. Courtenay. "I tell Susan she must help the woman, but I believe all the help she gives is gossip. Three days every week is that washerwoman with us, and she has two shillings a day, and eats enough to last her till she comes again the next week; and the house is in a steam and a warfare all three days, for they won't keep the doors shut, and the servants won't iron, or fold, saying they have no time, and the things go to the mangling woman in the rough, and she folds them and charges double pay, and they come home as wet as water, and lie about for days, to be aired. Altogether, the clothes don't get put away till the Monday comes round again."

"I could not live in such a house!" exclaimed Annie. "We wash every other Tuesday, as I tell you, and by Thursday night the things are in the drawers, except what may want mending."

"You must have Aladdin's lamp. However do you manage it?"

"Management and system; with, of course, industry. Unless you can bring such to bear in your house, Augusta, it will be the same scene of confusion forever. How uncomfortable it must make your husband."

"It makes him very cross, if you mean that. It is all confusion; no comfort and no peace."

Mrs. Courtenay had good cause to say so, and the confusion grew more confused as time went on. She made strenuous efforts, to the best of her ability, to remedy it, but succeed she could not. She changed her servants perpetually, she made sudden plunges, by fits and starts, into the arts of cooking and contriving, but the only results were the spoiling of provisions, the waste of money, short commons, and ill temper on all sides. Her husband took refuge again in his club, for society, sheerly driven out of his own house, which augmented expenses greatly.

CHAPTER V.

Captain Courtenay sat one summer's morning in his stockings, the image of patience, looking at a very untidy breakfast-cloth, and wishing he could also look at some breakfast; and two children were flying about the room, their hands full of bread-and-butter, which was being shared between their mouths and the carpet.

"It's too bad, Augusta," said he, as his wife came in: "twenty minutes past ten, and the breakfast not up. What's the matter?"

"Leisurely eating her own breakfast, and the nurse with her," replied Mrs. Courtenay; "and the only answer I can get from her is, that the kettle don't bile, and she ain't the fire to made it bile sooner than it will."

"That is always the excuse,' sighed poor Captain Courtenay. "No breakfast, because there's no boiling water. What does she do in a morning? Be still, can't you, Bob!"

"She makes their own breakfast first, and then fills up the kettle again to boil for us. It's of no use talking to her; she is getting insolent already, and has been here but ten days. There's not a thing touched yet, and the kitchen is as she left it last night."

"I want my boots."

"There's not a boot or shoe cleaned. Why don't you put on your slippers?"

"Because I can't find them. Bob, where was it you saw my slippers?"

"In the oven, pa, all burnt up. We wondered what it was smelt so yesterday, and when Harriet looked in the oven, it was the slippers."

"Who put them there?" angrily demanded Mrs. Courtenay.

"I don't know," answered Bob. "Harriet said she didn't. Perhaps it was the bogy."

"Hallo!" cried out the captain. "Who, sir?"

"The bogy, pa."

"Who tells you anything about the bogy?"

"'Liza does. When Emily and Freddy won't go to sleep, 'Liza goes and calls the bogy. He made us scream so the other night, when he began to walk along the passage to fetch us."

"This is infamous!" uttered Captain Courtenay to his wife. "Nothing can be so bad as frightening children; they may never entirely overget its effects. Augusta, if any servant in the house dares to frighten my children, she shall go out of it, so inquire into this. Why don't you see after things better?"

"I am seeing after things from morning till night, I think," retorted Mrs. Courtenay, who had not been down stairs ten minutes.

"And 'Liza'—what a pronunciation! Where do they pick it up?"

"Oh, from the servants," replied Mrs. Courtenay, apathetically. "Eliza herself speaks badly."

"I *cannot* make it out," exclaimed poor Captain Courtenay, in an impassioned, but helpless tone; "no other family seems to have such servants as we get. They do nothing; they are troublesome in all ways. Look at those two children; the buttons off their shoes, their socks dirty, their pinafores in holes, their hair uncombed! Bob; Emily; have you been washed this morning?"

"No," was the children's answer, "'Liza don't wash us till she takes us out in the day. It don't matter, she says."

The breakfast came in at last. And in discussing the merits of a capital ham (actually boiled well, by some mistake) the captain grew pleasant and talkative.

"We had a snug party at the club last night, and a famous rubber. I cut in three times."

"Did you win?" inquired his wife.

"No," said the captain, lugubriously. "I lost eleven points."

"Which was eleven shillings out of your pocket, and we can't afford it. You ought not to go there so much."

"Then you should make the house habitable."

"I don't make it unhabitable, Robert; it's these wretches of servants."

"It's something," said the captain. "By the way," he added, a recollection coming over him, "Ord has returned, and was there. He is coming to dine with us to-day."

"Oh! how could you ask him, Robert? Such a fuss and trouble as it will be."

"He asked himself; said he wanted to see you and the children. Nothing pleases you, Augusta. I go out too much, you say; and I am not to have a friend here; what am I to do? Sit in this room all day and all night, counting my fingers, while you storm at the illdoings in the kitchen?"

"If my servants were worth anything, I would not mind who came; but I suspect if we give Harriet two things to cook, she'll spoil one."

"Ord will take us as he finds us.—*Will* you children be quiet?—He knows it is not with us as it used to be, and he is a good fellow. A bit of fish and a joint; it's all we need have."

"No fish, no fish," hastily cried Mrs. Courtenay. "Remember that piece of salmon on Sunday; she sent it up in rags, on a bare dish, and all the scales on. I'll get some soup instead."

"Very well. Friday: it's not a very good day for choice, but I'll go out and cater for you, as I walk to the club. I am going directly after breakfast."

The result of the captain's catering proved to be a piece of meat for soup, some lamb chops, a couple of fine ducks, green peas, asparagus, and young potatoes.

"The ducks must be stuffed, Harriet," observed Mrs. Courtenay, "and you must make a nice gravy for them."

"The gravy falls from 'em in roasting, don't it?" was Harriet's response.

"No," wrathfully returned Mrs. Courtenay, "don't you know better than that? It must be a made gravy, and a very good one."

"That'll make another saucepan on the fire," cried Harriet; "I must have the range out as wide as he'll go. It'll be a bother to get them feathers off the wings."

"What!" uttered Mrs. Courtenay, the remark causing her to look round hastily at the ducks. And then she saw that the inexperienced captain had not ordered them to be made ready for dressing, but had bought and sent them home just as they were displayed in the poulterer's shop, part of their feathers on, and their heads hanging down.

"If ever I saw anything so stupid in all my life!" uttered she, in her vexation. "And we don't know where they were bought, to send them back to be done. You must draw and truss them, Harriet."

"Never drawed no animal in my life, and don't know how to do it," promptly returned Harriet.

Neither did Mrs. Courtenay know. And she foresaw the day would have some perplexity. Harriet suggested that Mrs. Brown should come in, and her mistress eagerly caught at it; so the children were left to the mercies of the stairs, like Mrs. Jellaby's Peepy, while Eliza was sent flying round the neighborhood in search of Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown was the weekly washerwoman, and the two servants were on very good terms with her.

"Do you know how to prepare ducks for roasting?" was the anxious question Mrs. Courtenay put to her, when she returned with Eliza.

"Please, mem, I've seen 'em done. I can't say as I've had a deal of experience in such-like. But in the matter of scouring out of saucepans, and putting on of coal, and getting ready of plates and dishes, and scraping of potatoes, and shelling of peas, and all them cod jobs, there ain't nobody more quicker nor handier than me."

"Me and Mrs. Brown will manage well between us, ma'am," said Harriet. "Don't you stop here, please, for you'll only put us out. Now as I have got her to do the rough part, I be bound I'll do the fine."

Mrs. Courtenay was but too willing to accede to this advice. She hated the kitchen, and was always as thankful to get out of it, as monks tell us poor erring souls are to get out of purgatory. So, with numerous charges and directions, the latter somewhat obscure, owing to her own inexperience, she left them to it, and did not go down again, passing a very agreeable day chatting with some acquaintance who called, and devouring a new novel.

Late in the afternoon she was surprised by a visit from her old maiden aunt, Miss Clementina Marsh, whom she had not seen for twelve months, and who had come to pass a few days with Mrs. Lance.

"Now you must stay and dine with me, Aunt Clem. I shall be glad of you, for Major Ord is coming, and you will make the fourth at table."

"I am agreeable," answered Aunt Clem. "Annie has sent me to ask you to her house to tea. Your mamma is there, and the doctor is coming in the evening. I told Annie perhaps I should have my dinner with you, and bring you in, afterwards."

"Then come up stairs, and take your things off."

"Why, what's this?" uttered Aunt Clem, as she followed her niece to her bed-room "Half-past four in the day, and your bed not made!"

"Oh! Harriet must have forgotten all about the up-stairs work, and I'm sure I did. It must go now, till after dinner. She is a fresh servant, aunt, and she knows little about cooking, and the woman that's helping her seems to know less. It is of no use seeking for good cooks in servants-of-all-work, and they plague one's life out."

"Your nurse might do the bedrooms on busy days," said Aunt Clem.

"She might, but she doesn't. She is out now with the children. We have got a key of the square, like Annie, and she takes the whole tribe there, and I get a quiet hour in-doors."

They were to dine at five, early hours suiting Major Ord; and, a few minutes before the hour, he and the captain were heard to enter.

"Where are they going?" cried Augusta, in dismay. "Never upstairs to wash their hands! My goodness me! can Robert be taking him up to that untidy room!"

"I should hope not," cried Aunt Clem; "it set my teeth of order on edge. There's no water, and no clean towels, and the hot-water jug, and razor, and shaving-paper all soap-suds, are on the dressing-table, as your husband must have left them this morning, and the bed's just as you got out of it, and the room in a shocking litter altogether."

"They are gone in there. Robert's as senseless as an owl."

"I think it's somebody else that's senseless," significantly retorted Aunt Clem. "How could he suppose the room had not been put to rights?"

"Hark! he is going for water to the nursery. Eliza keeps a pitcher there. What will Major Ord think of it all?"

"Some water!" roared out the captain: "there's none anywhere."

Mrs. Courtenay rang the bell in a tremor, and Harriet was heard to go up.

The gentlemen came down. The major was a pleasant man, much older than Captain Courtenay. He had plenty to tell Mrs. Courtenay of his sojourn abroad, and was in the midst of it, when a crash startled them from the kitchen. Something had gone.

"It sounds like a dish," laughed the captain. "I hope our dinner was not in it."

Half-past five, and no signs of dinner.

"Had you not better step and see what they are about?" cried out old-fashioned Aunt Clem to her niece.

"Oh, dear, no," coldly replied Augusta, too much the fine lady to do so, in the sight of the major. "They do not like to be interfered with."

A little more suspense, and then there came a timid knock to the room door.

"Come in."

"Please, gentlefolks, the dinner's a waiting."

A cold shiver ran right through Mrs. Courtenay, as the major held out his arm. For it occurred to her that she had said nothing to Harriet about who was to wait, and that voice was Mrs. Brown's. Could Harriet be sending that fright of a woman into the dining-room, and be stopping, herself, in the kitchen?

It was so. Screwing herself right behind the door, in her timidity, was humble Mrs. Brown. A pale, half starved woman with thin cheeks, and a black beard. A white apron of Harriet's was tied over the corners of her shawl and her patched gown, and a calico cap on her head, with a wide-spreading calico border, that flew up as she moved. On the table, where the soup ought to have been, was a large plated dish-cover, completely covering what might be underneath, and resting on the tablecloth.

The captain was speechless. He looked at Mrs. Brown, he looked at the cover, and he looked at his wife; and his wife would have been thankful not to look anywhere, but to sink through the floor or escape up the chimney.—But they took their seats, Mrs. Brown drew up, and Aunt Clem volunteered grace, during the captain's mute.

"Please, sir, am I to take off the liver?"

"What in the meaning of this?" ejaculated the captain, unable to contain himself any longer.

He probably meant Mrs. Brown. She thought otherwise. She lifted the "liver," and disclosed a pie-dish containing the soup.

"Please, gentlefolks, we had a misfortin' and broke the tureen; but it's only in three pieces, and can be riveted."

"Where's Harriet?" fiercely demanded Captain Courtenay.

"Please, sir, she's in the kitchen."

"Go down there, and send her up."

Mrs. Brown went down; but Mrs. Brown came up again.

"Please, gentlefolks, Harriet haven't a cleaned of herself, and she's rather black. Please, as soon as she have dished up her ducks and chops, she says she'll wash her hands and face, and come."

Poor Mrs. Courtenay's face wanted washing—washing with some cooling lotion, to allay its fever heat. The captain, helpless and crest-fallen, served out the soup.

"What soup d'ye call this?" unceremoniously asked Aunt Clem, at the first spoonful.

"Vermicelli soup" replied Mrs. Courtenay.

"Are you sure it is not made of coffee-berries?" returned Aunt Clem.

Whether the soup was made of water, or grease, or coffee-berries, nobody could tell; but it was like a mixture of all three.

"If these are not coffee-berries, I never saw coffee-berries" persisted Aunt Clem, striking her spoon against sundry hard brown substances in her plate.

"They are coffee-berries," uttered the perplexed captain.

"Please, gentlefolks, when Harriet was a going to put in the vermicelli, she laid hold on the wrong paper, and the coffee berries slipped in afore she found out her mistake," explained Mrs. Brown. "There was no time to fish 'em out again."

Apart from the coffee-berries, the soup was uneatable, and the spoons were laid down.

"Take it away," said the captain.

So Mrs. Brown carried away the pie-dish, and upon returning to remove the respective plates, she asked first, individually, "Please, had they done with it?"

"Never mind, Mrs Courtenay," said Major Ord, good-humoredly: "misfortunes will happen, you know, in the best regulated family. I am an old traveller, and think nothing of them."

"Let us hope what's coming will be better," observed the captain. "And we'll try the wine meanwhile, major."

What was coming was tolerably long in coming, and Mrs. Courtenay got hotter, but when it did come, it came in triumph. Harriet (in clean hands and face, and a gown all grease,) bearing one dish, and Mrs. Brown another, and then both returned for the vegetables. The major gently rubbed his hands, and the covers were removed.

"Lamb chops and ducks, major," said Mrs. Courtenay. "We made no stranger of you"

Which were the chops and which were the ducks? The dish before Mrs. Courtenay appeared to contain a mass of something as black as chips. It was the chops, burnt to a coal. That was unpardonable of Harriet, for she could cook chops well. "I fear I cannot recommend the chops," said the miserable hostess, "but I think I can the—"

Mrs. Courtenay came to a dead stand still. For upon looking towards the ducks she was struck by the extraordinary appearance they presented. The captain was also gazing upon them with open mouth, and Aunt Clem was putting on her spectacles for a better view.

"What d'ye call them?" asked Aunt Clem. "They must be some foreign-shaped creatures from abroad."

"Harriet, are those the ducks?" uttered Mrs. Courtenay.

They were the ducks, but—

"If I don't believe they have been cooked with their heads on!" interrupted Aunt Clem. "And those things, sticking up in the air, are the beaks, and those four things are their eyes. My gracious, girl!" turning sharply round to Harriet, "did you ever see ducks cooked with their heads on, before?"

The heads had been elevated, in an ingenious way, a quarter of a yard high, by means of upright skewers, with, as Aunt Clem expressed it, the beaks sticking up. The feet were sticking up also, and spread out like fans. Harriet made her escape from the room.

"They won't eat the worse for it," said Major Ord good naturedly; and the captain proceeded to carve them in the best manner he could, considering the array of skewers.

"Stuffing, major?"

"If you please. It is called a vulgar taste, I believe, but I plead guilty to liking it."

"So do I sir," said Aunt Clem, fixing her spectacles on the major's face, "and I hope I never shall shrink from avowing it, though the world does seem to be turning itself topsy-turvy, aping after what it calls refinement. A duck, without the sage and onions, wouldn't be a duck to me."

"Nor to me either, ma'am," said the major.

"What very extraordinary stuffing!" uttered Aunt Clem, who was the first helped. "What's it made of?" continued she, smelling and tasting.

"Made of!" hesitated the unhappy Mrs. Courtenay.

"Please, gentlefolks, it's chiefly made of suet, with thyme and parsley and crumbled bread and pepper and salt," spoke up Mrs. Brown.

"Fortune be good to us!" uttered Aunt Clem, "why that's a veal stuffing. Ducks are stuffed with sage and onions."

"Please, gentlefolks, I telled Harriet I had seen 'em done with sage and inions, and she asked if I thought I knowed better than her."

"Will you have any of it, major?" inquired the captain, very quietly, in his mortification.

"Well, I don't know. How will it taste?"

The vegetables would have been very good had they been done, but the peas were as hard as the coffee-berries, and the grass, as Aunt Clem called it, had never been untied from the bundle in which it was bought. The young potatoes were in a mash. They were trying to make a dinner, when a divertissement occurred: the children, returning home from their walk, burst into the room, and, undisciplined and wilful as they were, could only be got rid of by force, the captain being obliged to rise from table and assist in the ejection, whilst their screams frightened the visitor and deafened Aunt Clem. Poor Captain Courtenay almost swore a mental oath that he would run away to Africa with morning light.

"Oh, Aunt Clem! did ever anything go so unfortunate?" burst forth Mrs. Courtenay, in a shower of agonizing tears, the moment she escaped from the dining-room. "What is to be done? What will Major Ord think of me, as the mistress of such a household—such housekeeping?"

"He will think you are an idiot," was the complimentary reply of Aunt Clem. "And so do I. I am going to Mrs. Lance now: it is late."

"I'll go with you," feverishly uttered Augusta. "I cannot stay here, and face my husband and the major at coffee."

"Caution the kitchen first, then, that they don't make the coffee of vermicelli," retorted Aunt Clem.

The peaceful home of her sister Annis, everything so quiet and orderly, was like a haven of rest, after her own, to Mrs. Courtenay. Dr. and Mrs. Marsh were there, but Mr. Lance had not returned from town, to the extreme surprise, if not alarm, of his wife, for he was always punctual. He soon came in, and Captain Courtenay with him, Major Ord having pleaded an evening engagement.

"We cannot go on like this," cried the captain, suppressing his temper, as he looked at his sobbing wife, who had been detailing her grievances. "Where lies the fault; and what is to be done?"

"I think the fault lies in Augusta's inexpecity for management," said Dr. Marsh, "and—"

"Oh, papa!" she sobbed, "you don't know how I have tried to learn."

"And in your being unable, both of you, to accommodate yourself to your reduced income," he added. "Augusta, child, you interrupted me. It is now three hundred a year: but, with all your discomfort, you must be exceeding it."

"Four hundred won't cover our expenses this year," answered the captain, gloomily.

"And what will they be next," choked Augusta, "when there's going to be—I'm afraid—another—baby?"

An ominous pause ensued: all present felt that such prospects were not bright ones. Aunt Clem broke it with a groan:

"Oh, of course; that's sure to be it. The less they are wanted, the more they come."

"Courtenay," observed the doctor, "your club and your out-door luxuries must be incompatible with your means."

"I can't live without my club," interrupted the captain, in an earnest accent; "I must have some refuge from such a home as mine. And how to spend less in any one point than we do, is more than I can tell; or Augusta either, I believe. Lance—Annie—why don't you teach us your secret?"

"Ah, we began at the right end," said Mr. Lance; "we economized at first, and it is now pleasant to us. We have had to practise self-denial patiently, to bear and forbear: but we have every wished-for comfort, and are happy."

"And you seem to live well, and you sometimes have a friend to dine with you, Lance," cried the captain.

"To be sure. We do not keep ourselves to ourselves, like hermits."

"And he does not get soup made of grease and coffee-berries, and ducks roasted with their heads on, and stuffed with suet; and a she animal in a beard and a shawl to wait upon him!" grumbled the captain, which sent Mr. Lance into an explosion of laughter, for he had not heard of the mishaps of the day.

"It is of no use to mince the matter," cried Aunt Clem to the captain and his wife, in her most uncompromising voice. "You two never ought to have married; you are not fitted by nature to get along on a limited income, and turn its inconveniences into pleasures. What's more, you never will: you will go on this miserable way forever; and what will be the end of it, I don't know."

There was another pause: for Aunt Clem's words were true, and could not be gainsaid.

"I wish I had your occupation, Lance; or some other," exclaimed the captain.

"I wish you had, indeed. An idle man needs to have a pocket full of money."

"But, Lance," mused the captain, "you must have brought a strong will to bear down your old habits when you married Annis."

"Yes: and as strong a conscience," replied Mr. Lance, in a low tone. "We both deliberated well upon what we were going to do, and we felt that we could go through with it and succeed. It is difficult for men, brought up in expensive habits, as you and I were, Courtenay, to subdue them effectually, and become quiet members of society, men of reflection, good husbands and fathers, and remain so, without a struggle. Temptations to relapse, beset us on all sides; and few find out the way, and acquire the inward strength to resist them. But if it is found and acquired, the struggle soon ceases, and all the rest is easy."

"But you will never find it out, captain," exclaimed Aunt Clem; "you and Augusta are of the wrong sort. Geoffry and Annis set out in the practice of self-denial: Annis in the shape of dress, visiting, and gaiety, and Geoffry in that of out-door society. Annis, too, had the knack of domestic economy: Augusta has not; and there's a great deal in that. Some are born with it, and others seem as if they can never acquire it, try as they will."

"And what will you do for money, when your children want educating, Augusta?" asked Mrs. Marsh.

"I'm sure I don't know, mamma," was the helpless answer.

"We are putting by for that," said Annis.

"Putting by out of three hundred a year!" ejaculated Captain Courtenay.

"A little," she replied. "And the first year or two of our marriage we were enabled to put by really a great deal. But it causes me many an anxious thought, for I know how expensive education is."

"We shall weather it, Annis," said her husband.

"Yes," she sighed, "I hope we shall. And I believe we shall," she added, more cheerfully: "I never lose my trust, save in some wrong moment of despondency. Augusta has made me look on the dark side of things to-night."

"I know we shall," Mr. Lance replied, gazing at her with a meaning smile and a bright eye. "The half-yearly meeting of the institution took place to-day, and the governors had me before them, said some civil things to me, and raised my salary. It was what I never expected."

"Raised your salary!" she eagerly uttered.

"One hundred a year."

"Oh, Geoffry!"

The tears rushed into her eyes and down her cheeks in spite of herself. It was such a reward!—for their patient perseverance had been attended with rubs and crosses. All fears for the future seemed at an end.

"Let me congratulate you, Lance," cried the captain, heartily. "You can launch out a little more now."

"Launch out," returned Mr. Lance, with a glance at his wife, which she well understood. "Is it to be so, Annis?"

"I think not," she said, with a happy smile. "We are quite contented as we are, and will put it by for our children."

"You'll be geese if you don't," sharply cried Aunt Clem. "What could you want to launch out in, I should like to know, beyond what you've got? A coach and three?"

"They have learnt the secret," said Dr. Marsh, nodding to the company. "Lance and Annis are happy on their three hundred a year, for they confine their desires within their income: if you, Courtenay, and Augusta, came into a thousand a year to-morrow, you would be sure to go beyond it. They conform their wants to their circumstances: you can't; and, as Aunt Clem says, you never will."

"Never," put in Aunt Clem.

"And there lies all the difference," concluded the doctor.

There it does all lie. And the expediency, or non-expediency, of frugal marriages can never be satisfactorily settled: for where one couple will go on and flourish, bravely surmounting their difficulties, another will come to repentance, poverty, and embarrassment, and a third live, in private, after the proverbially happy manner of a cat and dog. It does not lie altogether in the previous habits, or in the education, or in the disposition, still less in the previous station of life: it lies far more in the capacity of the husband and the wife, both, to be able to adapt themselves cheerfully, and hopefully, and perseveringly to their circumstances: and few will be able to tell whether or not they can so adapt themselves, until they try it; whether the irrevocable step will turn out for better, or for worse.

THE UTAH REBELLION.—*The Mormons is Arms and Determined to Resist—Col. Monroe Requested to Push Forward—The Troops at Camp Scott Living on Mule Meat*.—Intelligence from Camp Scott to the 6th May has been received at Fort Leavenworth.

On that day two Mormons came into the camp from the city, having dispatches from Governor Cumming for Secretary Cass. The troops were expected to move toward the Valley by the end of May.

At Fort Kearney the Commanding officer directed the expressmen to inform Col. Monroe that he had information that *Governor Cumming had been expelled from Salt Lake City*, and that the Mormons were in arms, and determined to resist the army to the last. Also requesting Colonel Monroe to push on as speedily as possible.

Col. Hoffman's command, which was not seventy-five miles beyond Fort Laramie, had encountered snow two and three feet deep, and many animals were lost. All the streams were very high.

The Peace Commissioners were obliged to swim the River Platte. They had passed Fort Laramie.

It was reported that the troops at Camp Scott were living on mule meat.

No official information had been received at Fort (Leavenworth) but the authority for the foregoing intelligence is regarded as unquestionable.

SCENE IN THE LIVERPOOL POLICE COURT.—On the 11th ult., James Smith, second mate of the American ship New York, and William Denny, carpenter of the same vessel, were arraigned before the Liverpool Police Court, charged with assaulting William Kinlay, a seaman on board the ship. In answer to the explanations of Smith, the presiding justice addressed him in the following language:—

"You are a great coward and scoundrel. The Americans are disgracing their country by their cruelty to the crews of their ships, and if they don't find correctives on the other side they shall on this. The penalty we are about to inflict is less than the enormity of the crime. Men like you of respectability, who are no doubt taught a great deal better, conduct yourselves toward this poor man, whom you consider your inferior, in the most brutal way—hicting him in the ribs, kicking him in the face, and knocking him about as if he were an old shoe or an old hat. Such conduct is not to be tolerated here, and you must each pay a fine of £5, or go to prison for two months."

HABITS OF GRASSHOPPERS.—A correspondent of the Colorado (Texas) Citizen, writing from Gollad, says of the grasshoppers:—"They have an especial fondness for wheat and cotton, but don't take so kindly to corn. The only vegetable they spare is the pumpkin. The most deadly poisons have had no effect upon them; fumes of sulphur they rather like than otherwise; mosquito nets they devour greedily; clothes hung out to dry they esteem a rarity; blankets and gunny bags they don't appear to fancy. They swim the broadest creeks in safety, sun themselves awhile and then go on. The whole mass appear to start and move at the same time, travel for an hour or two, devouring everything in their way, and then suddenly cease, and not move perhaps for a week, during which time no feeding is noticed—and, finally, they carefully avoid the sea coast."

THE Havana *Diario de la Marina*, of the 21st of May, alluding to the overhauling of American ships in the port of Sagua la Grande, says: "It was impossible to prevent it. There was no authority or force near the spot. As soon as intelligence of the act was brought to the Lieutenant-Governor, whose house was five leagues distant, he repaired thither with an ample force, and, according to the advices received by the Government, measures will be adopted for the future to protect our coasts from such arbitrary and irregular acts as those committed by the commander of the Buzzard, in contravention of International laws and treaties. We understand that the conduct of the commander of this steamer was immediately remarked by his superior on the part of her Brittanic Majesty's Government."

GENERAL HOUSTON'S EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.—General Houston, immediately after the sojournment of Congress, contemplates an expedition into Mexico, with a company of four or five thousand men, who are anxious to follow the hero of the Alamo to new conquests. Walker and Henningsen do not inspire the adventurous youth of the South with confidence, and it has been signified to Gen. Houston that, if he would lead them, more were thousands ready to follow him to any part of Mexico. The understanding is that they are to Texasize another slice of Mexico and bring it into the Union, and, with it, Houston into the Senate.—*Exchange Paper*.

☞ Johnson gives the following definitions: *Garret*—The highest room in the house. *Cockloft*—The room over the garret.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A COMMON COMPLAINT—MAJESTY IN MINIATURE—AN ASTONISHING FEAT—A VISIT TO ROSA BONHEUR.

Paris, May 13, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

It would be difficult to imagine anything more detestable than the sort of Spring we are having. The precocious heat of March and the early part of April brought on the stone-fruit, and Spring toilettes just as precociously; and from the middle of April until now, we have had tremendous gales of north-east wind that have shaken down apricots, cherries, and plums by the million, and nightfrosts that have driven Spring toilets back into their *cartons*, and their wearers back into the substantial comforts of Winter clothing. Yet the sun is warm, in spite of the coldness of the wind; one is heated at one moment, and chilled the next; and people are suffering from all this, in health and in temper, as is usual under such irregular and uncomfortable circumstances.

The Queen of Holland—a cousin of the Emperor, is here on a visit; and has just been escorted by the Prefect of the Seine over the new market-halls, of which I gave your readers the benefit of a full description in a former letter. It is a most curious place, and well worth a visit from crowned or uncrowned people. Her Dutch majesty—belonging to the "small deer" of royalty, will be feted in the palaces of her Imperial relative; but no great turnout will be made for her. As to the deliberations of the Congress now holding its "Supplementary Session" here, we have as yet heard very little of its doings.

Mr. Rarey, and his wonderful horse-taming invention, still pre-occupies the public mind; as much from curiosity as to what the secret can be, as from interest in what appears to be a very precious and important discovery. Meantime, for the benefit of those who are interested in hippic matters, let me narrate the extraordinary feat just performed here by one of their favorite quadrupeds.

A few days ago, at 11 o'clock at night (to make use of a rather Hibernian mode of expression!) a horse, which had just been unharnessed in the court of a house in the Rue St. Florentin, near the entrance of the Champs Elysées, having probably taken fright at something or other, made a sudden spring, and bounded out of the court, and into the street so suddenly that the groom who had just taken him out of harness, could not even see in which direction he had disappeared. Next day it was ascertained that he had been seen by different persons, galloping by with the speed of the wierd steeds in old German legends, and disappearing a moment afterwards in the surrounding darkness. He had been last seen at the barrier de l'Etoile, at the upper end of the Champs Elysées, at a little past midnight. The agents of the Octroi had tried to stop him, but the horse, leaping at a bound the low, stone wall opposite the guard-house, had vanished down the Avenue de l'Impératrice.

Next morning, at half-past four o'clock, the men employed in the stables of Mr. Bernheim, a horse-dealer, in the Rue Charlot, just outside the barrier de l'Etoile, espied the horse wandering about the Rond-point, and endeavored to take him, when the animal pushed off down the Rue de l'Etoile, where a number of masons, who were just going to their work, placed themselves before him, so as to bar his farther progress. Turning round towards the entrance of the street, the horse perceived a company of the stable men preparing to cut off his retreat; and espying a door standing ajar at the entrance of an alley, he pushed against it, and trotting down the alley, arrived at the door of a house at the farther end, which he entered, and at once, to the stupefaction of the *concierge* who had put his night-capped head out through the window of the *loge* to see what was the matter, began to climb the stairs with great caution, but with an evident determination to get up to the top. The stair-case, spiral, and very narrow, is also very steep, and four stories high; with the door of each story opening upon it. Though the staircase is less than a yard in width, as we learn from a distinguished authority in all matters relating to horses, who has measured the staircase, and ascertained the facts of this curious adventure, the intrepid quadruped climbed to the top of the house, in a very few minutes arrived at the top, and with the door of the fourth-story shut in his face, the poor animal found it equally impossible to advance or to draw back, the extreme narrowness of the stair making it impossible for him to turn round.

The noise of the animal's hoofs on the stairs, and the violence with which he kept tumbling against the wall in his ascent, had wakened all the tenants, who had rushed to their respective doors under frightful apprehension that the staircase was failing in.

The cries and interpellations addressed by each story to those above and below it, may be better imagined than described; but the voice of the *concierge*, who had managed to make a hasty toilet as fast as his agitation would allow him, at length succeeded in calming the terrors of the tenants, and the occupant of the fourth story consenting to open his door, the horse was enabled to turn round.

No sooner had the animal succeeded in so doing, than he began to descend the stairs, a far more difficult feat than even the unparalleled ascension he had just accomplished. Terrified at the void below him, the unfortunate beast pressed so heavily against the wall, that the plastering gave way in many places, and came crashing down under his hoofs, and the knob of one of the doors was wrenched nearly off. The anxious tenants who peeped over the rails as the poor creature performed its perilous feat, declare that it was at once touching and terrible to see the animal, arching his fore legs, doubling up his hind-legs, and drawing himself down on his haunches from stair to stair. The staircase is lighted by four large windows, with neither bars nor protection of any kind, so that, had the horse leaned against them in his descent, as he was doing against the wall, the frames would have been forced out by his weight, and he would have fallen through into the court below. But the intelligent animal, seemingly aware of the danger, avoided each window with the greatest care, though pressing heavily against the wall all the way down; and at length he reached the bottom, unhurt, but beside himself with terror, trembling in every limb, and in such a state of excitement, that the stable men, with M. Bernheim at their head, had as much as they could manage in getting a halter round his neck.—They at length succeeded in leading him to the stable in the Rue Charlot, but it was some time before the poor beast became quiet again.

"As I stated in the beginning of my recital," says M. Léon Gatayes, in concluding his letter to the editors of the *Siècle*, "this occurrence would be absolutely incredible, were not the proofs of it visible and accessible to all. The staircase is marked with the prints of the horse's shoes from top to bottom, portions of the wood work of the staircase, and masses of plaster are broken off, and the police agent's report, detailing the circumstances of the affair, and the injuries done to the stairs, can be verified by all who will give themselves the trouble to visit the scene of the adventure."

This singular performance reminds me of the artist whose merit will no doubt be as cordially acknowledged by the New World as by the Old, as her works find their way across the ocean; and seeing from the last number which has reached me of the "Saturday Evening Post," that one of her great works is now being exhibited in the United States, I have thought that a sketch of the life of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, one of the two greatest of living interpreters of Animal Life—Landseer, of course, being the other—might not be unacceptable to the readers of your paper.

At the southern end of the Rue d' Assas,—half made up of extensive gardens, the tops of whose trees alone are visible above their high stone walls,—just where this retired and quiet street, as it meets the Rue de Vaugirard, widens into a sort of irregular little square, surrounded by sleepy-looking old-fashioned houses, and looked down upon by the shining gray roofs and belfry of an ancient Carmelite Convent, is a green garden-door, surmounted by the number "39," which door, though not in itself distinguishable from hundreds of other green doors in Paris, is yet especially interesting to lovers of Art, as giving admission to the pleasant precincts of the *sanctum* from whose busy privacy have issued those *chef-d'œuvres*, which have carried the name of the authoress of "The Horse-market," and "Haymaking," through the length and breadth of the civilized world, as the synonym of realistic vigor and poetic grace.

Our ring at the bell being answered by the friendly barkings of one or two dogs, and the opening of the door by the sober-suited serving-man whom they accompany, we find ourselves in a garden full of embowering trees; the house itself—a long, cosy, irregular building, standing at right-angles with the street—being covered with vines, honeysuckles, and clematis, from one end to the other.

A part of the garden is laid out in flower-beds; but the greater portion of it—fenced off with a green paling, gravelled, and containing several sheds—is given up to the animals kept by the artist as her models; an honor shared at the present time by a horse, a donkey, four or five goats and sheep of different breeds, ducks, cochin-chinas, and other denizens of the barn-yard, who live together in perfect amity and good will.

On fine days, one sometimes finds the artist, in a wide-awake, or a sun-bonnet, seated on a rustic chair inside the paling, busily sketching some one of these animals; but more frequently—if we have taken care to present ourselves on a Friday afternoon, the only time when it is possible to gain access to the divinity of the place, invisible to mortal eyes during the rest of the week—we are ushered through glass doors into a hall, with paintings on the walls, orange trees and oleanders standing in green tubs in the corners, and the floor (since the artist crossed the Channel) covered with English oil-cloth. From this hall, a few stairs, simply covered with thick gray druggot, bring us to the *atelier*, which on Fridays is turned into a reception-room.

This beautiful studio, one of the largest and most finely proportioned in Paris, with its greenish gray walls, and plain green curtains to lofty windows that never let in daylight—the room being lighted entirely from the ceiling—is one of the most charming apartments anywhere to be found. All the wood-work is of dark oak, as are also the bookcase, tables, chairs, and other articles of furniture—richly carved, but otherwise of most severe simplicity—distributed about the room. The walls are covered with paintings, sketches, casts, old armor, fishing-nets, rude baskets and pouches, poles, gnarled and twisted vine branches, picturesque hats, cloaks and sandals, collected by the artist in her wanderings among the peasants of various regions, nondescript draperies, bones and skins of animals, antlers and horns. The fine old bookcase contains fully as many casts, skeletons, and curiosities, as books, and is surmounted with as many busts, groups in plaster, shields, and other artistic booty, as its top can accommodate; and the great Gothic-looking stove at the upper end of the room is covered in the same way with little casts and bronzes. Paintings of all sizes, and in every stage of progress, are seen on easels at the lower end of the room, our artist always working at several at a time. Stands of portfolios, and stacks of canvas line the sides of the studio; birds are chirping in cages of various dimensions, and a magnificent parrot eyes you suspiciously from the top of a lofty perch. Scattered over the floor—as bright as waxing can make it—are skins of tigers, oxen, leopards and foxes; the only species of floor-covering admitted by the artist into her workroom.

"They give me ideas," she says of these favorite appurtenances, "whereas the most costly and luxurious carpet is suggestive of nothing."

Such is the "whereabout" in which Rosa Bonheur receives her guests, with the frankness, kindness, and unaffected simplicity for which she is so eminently distinguished. She is small in person, rather under middle height, with a finely-formed head, and a broad rather than a high forehead; small, well-defined, regular features, and good teeth; hazel eyes, very clear and bright, and dark brown hair, slightly wavy, parted on one side, and cut short in the neck; a compact, shapely figure; true artists' hands, small, delicate and nervous, and extremely pretty little feet. She dresses very plainly, the only colors worn by her being black, brown, or gray, and her costume consisting invariably of a close-fitting jacket and skirt of simple materials. On the rare occasions when she goes into company—for she lives very retiredly, accepting but few of the innumerable invitations with which she is assailed—she wears the same simple costume, of richer materials, with the addition merely of a lace collar. She wears none of the usual articles of feminine adornment, not from contempt of them, but simply because the elegant trifles so dear to womankind are so utterly foreign to her thoughts and occupations, that even to put them on would be a false and unnatural proceeding. When at her easel, she wears a sort of round pinafore, or *blouse*, of gray linen that envelopes her from the neck to the feet.

Rosa Bonheur impresses you, at first sight, as a clear, honest, vigorous, independent nature; abrupt, yet kindly; original, self-centred, and decided, without the least pretension or conceit; but it is only when you have seen her conversing earnestly and heartily, her enthusiasm roused by some topic connected with her art, or with the great humanitary questions of the day, when you have watched her kindling eyes, her smile at once so sweet, so beaming and so keen, her expressive features, irradiated as it were with an inner light, that you begin to perceive how very beautiful she really is.

To know how upright and how truthful she is, how single-minded in her devotion to her art, how simple and unassuming,—fully conscious of the dignity of her artistic power, but respecting it rather as a talent committed to her keeping than as a quality personal to herself—you must also have been admitted to something more than the ordinary courtesy of a reception-day, while, if you would know how nobly and self-sacrificingly generous she has been, not only to her own family, but to others possessing no claim on her kindness but such as that kindness gave them, you must learn it from those who have shared her bounty, for you will never know a word of it from herself. In the amplest biography of a living celebrity, much that would show the nobleness of a character in the most striking light cannot, for obvious reasons, be given to the public; and in the case of the artist of whose life the present sketch will offer a brief outline, her rooted dislike to being written about will continue to prevent many interesting particulars from becoming known, which might otherwise have fallen under the pens of industrious biographers. But should the intention of writing, for publication after her death, a memoir that shall really set forth the inner, personal life of the artist, be carried into execution by perhaps the only person who, from her position, and her long and intimate connexion with the minutest details of the artist's life, is competent to do justice to the subject, those who come after us will learn, from the instructive lessons of a life replete with noble teachings, that the great painter whose fame will go down to coming ages as one of the brightest glories of the present, was as admirable as a woman as she was gifted as an artist, and that her moral worth was no less transcendant than her genius.

In my next, I shall enter upon the narratives of the steps by which this eminent artist, overcoming the many disadvantages and difficulties of her early life, reached by the force of her genius, and of her indomitable industry, the pinoe she has won for herself among the immortalities of our little planet.

QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE twenty mile race over the Hempanck Course, between the Buffalo horse Unknown and the Detroit horse Frank Granger, was won by the latter in 66 minutes and 50 seconds.—The fifty mile race between the same horses, which had been advertised, did not come off.

WASHINGTON, June 2.—The House Committee on the Judiciary took final action to-day in the case of Judge Watrous, of Texas, eight members being present. They were equally divided on the question as to whether he should be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, one side being neutralized by the other.—Thus the question was brought to a close.

ANOTHER BRITISH OUTRAGE—AN AMERICAN VESSEL FIRED INTO—ONE MAN KILLED.—AUGUSTA, June 2.—An American vessel was fired into off Pensacola. One man was killed, being the first blood shed in this connection, so far as reported. The United States steamship Fulton has gone in chase of the offending vessel.

DEATH OF A UNITED STATES SENATOR.—WASHINGTON, June 5.—Hon. J. Pinckney Henderson, U. S Senator from Texas, died last evening, in this city. His term would have expired on the 4th of March next. He has been a prominent man in Texas politics, and was formerly Governor of the State. He and his colleague, Gen. Houston, have not been on speaking terms for some years.

THE Indianapolis papers state that at the suicide of her husband, Mrs. Herbert was in that city prosecuting an application for a divorce. The story of the romantic encounter, in which he rescued the lady from some ruffians of the hungry mob, was taken from one of Herbert's romances, and was a fiction. The match was made by advertising—miserable beg pardon, miserable ending.

NORTH CAROLINA is a bad State to indulge in more than one wife. At the Cumberland Supreme Court last week, H. C. Bartlett, convicted of bigamy, was sentenced to be branded on the left cheek with the letter B, to receive 39 lashes on his bare back, to be imprisoned 30 days, and then to receive 39 lashes more, and to be let loose. He had married four wives.

THE veritable John Dean, who married Mary Ann Baker, is now a marker in the New York Custom-House, on a salary of $600 per annum. His father-in-law has gone to Europe, and, as it is said, has not left Joan and Mary a single red cent to live on.

THE MEANING OF JUDGE SHAW'S DECISION.—In reference to Judge Shaw's decision, declaring the legality of destroying the liquor trade by mob violence it is proper to state that the purpose of that decision, as we have sufficient reason to believe, was to show the Legislature that it can hereafter expect from the judiciary no protection from the consequences of its own acts: and that when the Legislature by its enactments pronounces liquor and liquor selling "a common nuisance," the Court will assume that it means the legal and not the Pickwickian sense of the term.

MR. GLOVER, the late member of Parliament for Beverley, has been tried and convicted at the Central Criminal Court, of having made a false declaration of his property qualification, by which he was able to take his seat in the House of Commons. He was sentenced to four months' imprisonment in Newgate, as a first-class misdemeannat.

WEEKES AND HIS TWENTY-FIVE WIVES—

Literary Developements—A High Moral Tone

From the San Francisco Globe.

We have received some very curious developments in regard to George W. Weekes, the late proprietor of the Athenæum. Our information is entirely reliable, and wonderful as the details prove to be, they are nevertheless strictly true. Weekes figured throughout the United States, in the year 1854, under the name of "Wentworth," and his brilliant career of swindling will be remembered by many of our readers. Within a space of eight months he "established" newspapers in almost every prominent city of the Union, and had as many wives as he had journals! He first commenced his career in the extreme east, and from thence proceeded to Philadelphia, where he gathered together, by means of a prospectus, sufficient funds to take him west. Deserting his last wife, he proceeded to Lexington, Ky., and there married a Miss Hunter. Cincinnati next became his head-quarters, and he quickly created a sensation by getting up a "weekly" under the name of Ella Wentworth's Journal. His new wife canvassed the city and State for subscribers, like the late "Anna Cora," and the success of the project was complete. To add still more to the home treasury, a number of young girls were employed as compositors, and "an association of ladies" figured as the editors. Finding that he had pretty well gleaned the pines Weekes bid adieu, for the season, to Mrs. W., No. 3, and with Mrs. W., No. 4, journeyed to Philadelphia, where another Ella Wentworth's Journal was advertised—placarded and canvassed for. Taking a large brick house in Fourth street, he furnished it handsomely, and went to work on a still more extensive scale. Finding that one "Ellen Wentworth" could obtain fifty subscribers per day, at one dollar each, he multiplied the Ellas by ten, and employed ten more for the business rooms of the "literary" journal, which was to "elevate the tastes" and reform the morals of the city of Penn. Posters and editorials from verdant editors, announced that "An association of ladies would manage the paper, and none but females would be employed in the printing department, counting-room," etc. The young girls were selected with great care, a pretty face being absolutely necessary for the purpose of becoming a Wentworth!

We do not in the least infringe on truth when we state that Weekes at this time, privately, married six of these young ladies, and obtained a complete ascendancy over the others. So well was the villainy managed, that no one then doubted his truth and affection. He planned trips to all the surrounding towns, sent Ella Wentworths in every direction to canvass and promise a local journal, while he also published for the time a very neat and creditable weekly paper in Philadelphia.

Wife No. 3 in Cincinnati, who still reposed perfect trust in Weekes, having sold out the paper there, made her appearance in Philadelphia, and stopped at one of the leading hotels. Here the waiters were mystified by finding three "Ellen Wentworths" already registered—one hailing from Harrisburg, one from York, and one from Pottsville—they having conducted to visit the city and learn what had detained *their* Mr. W. Exposure could not be avoided.—Weekes took the Cincinnati wife, late Miss Hunter, pocketed the grand cash, received from the other twenty, suddenly decamped, and left a scene of heart rending misery behind him, which pen cannot tell. The sheriff took possession of the furniture; the paper of course was "no where," and the poor girls found themselves destitute and betrayed.

The next operations of Weekes were in Charleston, S. C. Under another name, with another paper and his female canvasser, he was enabled in a few weeks to acquire a large sum. With this he absconded to England, leaving Miss Hunter with an infant and completely penniless. After numerous escapes from officers, arrests for bigamy, and with a dozen warrants for swindling ready to pounce upon him, he wisely concluded to go abroad—but, in his usual provident manner, he provided himself with Mrs. W. No. 25. What his career was in England, up to the end of last year, we have no means of knowing, our present information being obtained from a late resident of Philadelphia, who was victimized by the fellow, and who, in legal proceedings against him, came into possession of the whole details of his infamy. The arrival of our informant in this city is supposed to have been the cause for the sudden departure of Mrs. Anna Cora's husband. As Anna is an English woman, it is most probable that she was the last acquisition previous to a hurried departure for the United States. Nearly four years having elapsed since the flight from Charleston, Weekes, on his return from England, boldly commenced his swindling operations in Texas and New Orleans, under his real name. A few weeks suffices in that region, and consequently, in January last the pair clandestinely left the Crescent City and sailed Californiawards. Presuming on those times in this latitude, Mrs "Anna Cora" was told to raise the tariff to $5, a sum cheerfully surrendered to the fair pirate by our gallant citizens. Another chapter of this eventful history has closed and a new one will, doubtless, be commenced in Australia. To the press of the interior which so valiantly defended her against the assaults of several of the San Francisco county papers, no doubt Mrs. Anna Cora returns her sincere thanks. As she is half seas over, however, it is impossible to say to what extent her gratitude can be depended upon. It is sufficient to know that while in that position *on land*, she fully appreciated all kindness rendered her, as shown by the columns of the Athenæum.

ECCLESIASTICAL LAW OF DIVORCE.—The General Assembly of the New School Presbyterian Church, now in session in Chicago, by a vote of three to one, has made an important decision upon the subject of marriage between parties divorced from other persons. The facts are thus narrated in the Chicago Times:—

A lady from Massachusetts came to Iowa, and soon after applied for a divorce, upon the ground that the conduct of her husband towards her had been so violent and unjust, that she had to flee from his roof; and that though thus compelled by his conduct to quit his roof, he had refused to provide for her, and thus he had abandoned her. This application for divorce rested entirely upon her own testimony, and not being resisted, a decree was granted divorcing her from her husband. Shortly after she and the Rev. Mr. Shields, of Des Moines, were married. The Presbytery of Des Moines took the matter into consideration, and while admitting the legality of the divorce, under the laws of Iowa, they decided that there had not been sufficient cause shown, in a scriptural point of view, to justify the parties marrying. Therefore they deposed Mr. Shields. The action of the Presbytery was reviewed by the Synod of Iowa, and they restored Mr. Shields to his ministerial functions. The Rev. Thomas Birt brought the matter to the attention of the General Assembly, upon a complaint against the action of the Synod, and the matter has been debated pro and con for several days. The result is as we have stated—the action of the Presbytery has been endorsed, and, consequently, that of the Synod disapproved. This action of the General Assembly cannot fail to attract great attention. It will have one good effect at least—it will prevent persons claiming to be religious from running, upon trivial causes, to the courts for divorce, and then rushing, with like haste, into matrimony.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 170—Adults 84, and children 86.

AT the municipal election in New Haven, Conn., on Monday week, the Democratic majority for Mayor was 551. For the other city officers about 500.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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☞ Good manners is the art of making those people easy to whom we converse; whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred man in company.—*Swift.*

☞ As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth.—*Cicero.*

☞ The director of the Bayonne Theatre, France, having lately, when getting repairs effected, enlarged the size of the boxes, the ladies in the habit of frequenting the house, sent him the next day a magnificent bouquet, with this inscription—"From grateful crinolines to Mr. Zerezo."

☞ Colonel C——, who was head and ears in debt, was told by his servant that a person wanted to see him on particular business. Requiring a description of the announced, the reply was, "A man of color." "Oh, say no more," said the colonel, "I know what color—*it is a dun!*"

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has not been a particle of improvement in the Flour market since our last notice. The export demand has been limited, and only 8000 bbls have been disposed of at $4,25 ₱ bbl for common superfine, at which figure it is freely offered; $4.50 for extra, and $4,87½@5 for extra family; including 2200 bbls on private terms; and $5,75@5,25 for a lot of middlings. The receipts have been quite moderate, but in excess of the demand. For home consumption prices have ranged from $4,25 to 4,62 for common and extra brands; $4,87½@5.25 for extra family, and $5,50@6 for fancy. Rye Flour comes forward slowly, and it has been in steady demand at $3,31½ ₱ bbl. The receipts of Corn Meal have been trifling, and it has been in demand. Sales of 500 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,37½ per bbl. At the close the market was nearly bare of the article

GRAIN—The Wheat market has been extremely dull during the past week, and prices have fallen off 4@5c ₱ bus. Sales of 18,000 bus, in lots, at 75c up to $1 05 for ordinary and prime red, and $1 to $1,20 for white. At the latter $1 to $1,10 for red and white were the highest quotations that could be realized. All the Rye offered was taken at 66@68c. Corn has been in active request. Sales of 40,000 bushels yellow at 72½@73c afloat, and 71@71½c in store, closing at our highest rates. 5000 bus white, afloat, sold at 71@72c, and some damaged at 60@66c. Oats have been in steady request but prices remain without change. Sales of 5@10,000 bus at 35@37c for Delaware, and 38c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market has been extremely quiet. Pork has been in limited demand. Sales of Western and city packed Mess at $17,50@18 ₱ bbl, short time. Of Prime Pork the market is nearly bare. The last sale was at $15. City packed Mess Beef sells in lots for ship's stores at $16,50@17 ₱ bbl. Western Mess is unsaleable, unless at comparatively low prices. Bacon—There has been a little more inquiry, but without change in prices. Sales at 10½@11c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; 9@9½c for Sides, and 7@7½c ₱ lb, cash and 60 days, for Shoulders. Green Salted Meats have been very quiet, and the sales have been of a limited character within the range of our quotations. A lot of Sides sold at 8c. Lard—The receipts and stocks are light, but prices are ½c higher. Sales of bbls and tcs at 11½@11¾c ₱ lb, short time, and kegs at 12½@13c. Butter has been very dull, and there is more offering. Sales of Solid Packed at 11½@12½ cts, as in quality, and Roll at 14@17c. Prices of Cheese and Eggs continue as last quoted.

COTTON—The market has been extremely quiet, and prices have been rather weak. Sales of 830 bales chiefly Uplands at 11½ up to 13c ₱ lb, cash, for low grades and middling fair quality.

BARK—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron Bark have been small, and prices are steadily maintained, with further sales of 120 hhds No 1 at $34 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark sells slowly at $14@14,50 ₱ cord for Spanish, and $11,50@12 for Chestnut.

BEESWAX continues in good request, with further sales of good Yellow at 32c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—There has been no change from the inertia which has marked the course of the market for months past. The consumption both here and at the eastward is small, and the demand for the article is quite limited. The cargo rates are about nominal. In Bituminous Coal nothing doing.

COPPER continues very dull. Sales of 2000 sheets Yellow Metal at 22c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS are unchanged. Small sales of good Western at 44@45c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit of all descriptions has been dull, as the consumption of it has been restricted by the arrival of new crop. Sales of Dried Apples in lots at 3½@3c ₱ lb. Dried Peaches are unchanged.

HEMP—Continues extremely quiet. Small sales of Western dressed were made at the close of last week at $175 ₱ ton, on time.

HIDES—There have been no further arrivals. Sales of 1000 Pernambuco at 15c; 200 mixed on private terms; 500 Chili do, and 1000 Caracas and Porto Cabello at 19½@20c, on time.

HOPS—Are dull and selling at figures lower than at this season for many years past. Small sales new crop Eastern and Western at 6@8c ₱ lb.

IRON—We notice a little more inquiry for Pig Metal but at figures generally below the views of holders. Small sales of No 1 Anthracite at $21@22 ₱ ton, cash; No 2 at $20, and No 3 at $19; 100 tons No 1 sold at $24, 6 months. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig. Blooms are held at $65@70, without sales. Bar and Boiler Iron are dull at previous rates.

LEAD—There is but little stock of Pig Lead here to operate in, and holders are firm at the recent advance. A small sale of Virginia at 6½c ₱ lb, cash.

LEATHER—The demand continues good for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, and the tendency of prices is still upward.

LUMBER—Has been in rather better request, but without change in prices. Sales of Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $12@15; Lehigh and Susquehanna at $13@16. Hemlock Joist and Scantling are selling at 58, and Hemlock Boards at $10@10½ ₱ M. Laths and Pickets sell slowly at previous quotations.

SEEDS—There is a steady demand for Clover-seed, but with trifling receipts. Small sales at $4,37½@4,50 ₱ 64 lbs. Flaxseed, if here, would command $1.55 ₱ bushel. 500 bushels Timothy brought $2.

TALLOW—But little offering. Sales of City Rendered at 10½c ₱ lb, cash.

TOBACCO—There is a steady demand for both Leaf and Manufactured without change from previous rates.

WOOL—The market has ruled somewhat irregularly and is unsettled. The new clip has commenced coming forward, but the opening prices have not yet been fixed upon. They will undoubtedly be low, considering the present condition of trade and the depression which exists in the manufacturing interests. 18,000 lbs new clip, unwashed, sold at 20c ₱ lb, on time.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 5.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour has advanced, sales of 12,500 bbls. State is 5c higher, at $3,85@3,90; Ohio unchanged; Southern has advanced 5c; sales at $4,40@4,70. Wheat buoyant; 20,000 bush Chicago spring wheat 84@88; Milwaukee Club, 90@92; Western red, 98@105; white 107@111; Corn firm; 20,000 bush sold; mixed 60@62½; white 74@76; yellow 79½@80. Pork heavy. Lard steady at 11½@11¾.

COTTON—The market is quiet. We continue to quote middling Uplands at 11½c, and do New Orleans at 12c.

☞ There is a much honored maxim which runs—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* (Of the dead say nothing but what is good.) This is a heathen, not a Christian, maxim. If the Evangelists had acted upon it, we shouldn't have had the plain, unvarnished and unflattered history which has been transmitted to us of Judas, and Herod, and Pilate, and Ananias, and Sapphira. Their maxim was, or would have been if they had had one on the subject, *De mortuis nil* NISI VERUM—*of the dead, as of the living, say nothing but* WHAT IS TRUE.

FITS, FITS, FITS.

JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE A CERTAIN REMEDY.

This disease, Epilepsy, soon becomes firmly fixed by habit, and the more numerous the attacks have been, the greater is the liability of their return and the greater will be the difficulty in arresting them. There is not only a greater liability to their return in proportion to the number of attacks, but the convulsions become more severe, and are repeated at shorter intervals. So that what at first was perhaps a mere faintness, with or without slight muscular twitchings, and occurring at long intervals, in time become violent convulsions of almost daily occurrence. The person thus afflicted gradually sinks into a state of imbecility, a burden to himself and to his friends, until at length his sufferings are ended by the hand of Death.

It is evident that if relief is obtained at all after the disease becomes habitual, it must be by some treatment which is permanent in its effects, and not only to suppress the attacks, but also, if possible, to remove the morbid tendency to relapse.

Jayne's Alterative has been found to answer this purpose admirably, *gradually* removing the morbid tendency, and the causes which produce the disease, and, when its use is continued *for a sufficient* length of time, producing permanent cures.

THE PROOF.

WEST SALEM, Edwards Co., Ill., Sept. '56.

Dr. D Jayne: Sir—It gives me pleasure to inform you that your ALTERATIVE has effected a cure of FITS. My son, when he was about three years of age, was troubled with FITS; but supposing they proceeded from worms, I gave him Worm Medicine, but to no purpose. I then concluded there was no remedy unless he would outgrow them, but still had more frequent and severe attacks until he was four and a half years old. Then I gave him your ALTERATIVE according to directions. He had no more Fits after taking it for some time, and I believe it has perfectly cured him.

ALFRED McKINNEY.

ANOTHER CURE.

BURLINGTON, Bradford Co., Pa., Nov. '56.

Dr. D Jayne: Dear Sir—About five years since, my child was taken with EPILEPTIC FITS, which continued for two years, and was finally cured by the use of twenty-six bottles of your ALTERATIVE, and some SANATIVE PILLS. She has not had a fit for three years. Yours, truly,

CEPHAS CLARKE.

We are well acquainted with Mr. Clarke, and have full confidence in the above statement.

MERRY, WILHELM & CO.

ANOTHER AND MORE REMARKABLE CASE.

DANVILLE, Pa., Ju'y 5, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia: Gentlemen—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your ALTERATIVE. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from RHEUMATISM, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with EPILEPTIC FITS, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. After the fits commenced, my right side became gradually paralysed. I lost the use of my arm, and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood. In this condition at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your ALTERATIVE last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single fit; the use of my limbs has returned, and my speech be ng almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your ALTERATIVE the best medicine in the world for EPILEPTIC FITS, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it. Yours, truly,

JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

THOS. WOODS, WM. KITCHEN,
G. B. BROWN, G. W. FORREST,
GEO. S. SANDERS, JAS M. JONES,
J. R. MOORE.

AGAIN SUCCESSFUL.

BURRITT'S RAPIDS, C. W., Aug. 3, '57.

I hereby certify that I have used Dr. D. Jayne's ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS in my family in case of EPILEPTIC FITS with marked success. R. BRECKENRIDGE.

ANOTHER CURE.

LAWRENCEVILLE, Harrison Co., Ind., Feb. '58.

Dr. D. Jayne: Sir—Your ALTERATIVE has cured me of EPILEPTIC FITS. I had five very severe attacks within two years, and when every remedy and every kind of treatment had completely failed to cure me, I then decided to use your medicine. I have taken eighteen bottles of the ALTERATIVE, and one dozen of the SANATIVE PILLS, and for one year I have been entirely free from any attacks, and I am now able to attend to my business. Yours, truly,

SAMUEL WOLF.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & Son, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States. jo12-4t

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IMPORTANT.

YOU FEEL DEBILITATED.
YOU FEEL NERVOUS.
YOU ARE WORRIED ABOUT TRIFLES.
YOU CANNOT WORK WITH ENERGY.
YOU DO NOT FEEL LIKE DOING ANYTHING.
YOU HAVE NO APPETITE.
YOU CANNOT SLEEP AT NIGHT.
YOU FEEL WEAK.
YOU FEEL DIZZY.

Then use *Hoofland's German Bitters*, they will cure you without fail.

They are prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold by druggists and merchants in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, and South America, at 75 cents per bottle. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 5, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
New banks	1½ to 5 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Relief Notes	½ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Tioga & Shamokin no sale		ALABAMA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	1 to 5 dis
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis		MISSISSIPPI.	
DELAWARE.		All banks	uncertain
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis		LOUISIANA.	
MARYLAND.		Solvent banks	1 dis
Baltimore	¼ dis	OHIO.	
Solvent banks	½ to ¾ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
NEW YORK.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis		Solvent banks	1 dis
MAINE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	State bank	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
VERMONT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Old banks	3 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks	1 dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		CANADA.	
Solvent banks	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks	2½ dis		

SCENE IN THE BRANDRETH HOUSE,

NEW YORK, May 14.

—(*Six Gentlemen seated round a table.*)

1st Gentleman—This house is owned by the maker of the celebrated Brandreth Pills, which have great merit. I have a brother who lives in New Hampshire, and who was for a long time sick. The doctors around did not seem to help him; his courage and energy failed; his step was feeble, and his countenance and eyes indicated constant physical debility. Finally he was prevailed upon to take Brandreth's Pills, and strange as it may appear to you, the first box put him right on his feet, and their use for a few months restored him entirely to perfect health. He thinks that Dr. Brandreth is super or to all living men.

2d Gentleman—I am from Buenos Ayres. The brother of Rosas was for a long time a bed-ridden paralytic. No idea was entertained that he would ever recover the use of his limbs. His case was supposed helpless; but an enlightened Jesuit said, "Try a few doses of Brandreth's Pills; they may possibly benefit you." He used a few doses, and was helped. He continued them daily; he increased to ten pills, night and morning; he began to feel the circulation in the remote extremities. The use of the Pills was further judiciously persevered in; suffice to say, that in less than six months he was perfectly cured, having recovered the use of his limbs complete'y. He immediately had a picture of Dr. Brandreth painted, as his tutelary saint, and to this day he has burning before it two large candles, which he designs to continue in proof of his veneration for the man whose pills restored him to health. Mr. Graham, U. S. C. at Buenos Ayres, married to me the above facts, and I know them to be true.

3rd Gentleman—Brandreth's Pills have made many cures here. A friend of mine of large fortune and high social position, was afflicted with a dropsy. His physician gave him no h pe, advised him to settle his worldly affairs, for his time on earth was to be of brief duration. He was directed by a special Providence to Brandreth's Pills; he read over a pamphlet relating to them; he took a first dose; he followed the plan of purgation right onward; his largest dose was fifteen pills in a day. The absorbants were aroused to action—the excess of watery deposits was removed, and in the very prime of his manhood and usefulness he was restored to vigorous health. Dr. Brandreth's Pills have not begun to be half known yet.

4th Gentleman—I know Brandreth's Pills are a wonderful remedy. In Jagrao, Rio Grand, Brazil, they were administered to a man who had been sick for five years, confined to his bed by inflammatory rheumatism. His limbs were contracted and drawn up, his hands closed and stiffened. He took the pills four in the morning and four in the evening, and drank freely of beef soup, which was his only diet. In six weeks he was entirely cured, and rode six miles to see me, on horseback. This cure, effected by Brandreth's Pills, after many medicines and physicians had failed, caused the son of Dr. Brandreth to sell at retail seventeen hundred dollars worth of his pills in that little town in two weeks.

5th Gentleman—A Mr. Underhill, of Westchester County, who fought in the war of 1812, is a great admirer of Dr. Brandreth, because, he says, his pills saved his life. He was suffering from a cancerous affection in his left breast, and had been under treatment for three years without any benefit. He finally commenced to try the different patent medicines, but got no better until he began with Brandreth's Pills. These taken every night, in doses varying from five to ten, cured him entirely in two months. Some time after he was badly hurt by a tree falling upon his back, but still he took Brandreth's Pills every day. His surgeon told him they could do no good for a local injury, and that it would be at least a year before he could walk. In three weeks he was restored to health, and ascribes his recovery to them. He swears he will vote for Brandreth as long as he lives.

6th Gentleman—And these Pills are sold at No. 294 Canal Street, Brandreth Building?

1st Gentleman—They are, at 25 cents a box, and by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Philadelphia, and Agents and Druggists generally.

A LADY

WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, Mrs. MARY E DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent, free, by next post. my1-8t

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DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—"There is nothing in the shape of medicine selling like it in Canada. It is superseding and giving better satisfaction than any other article now in the Canada market."

E. HEATHFIELD, London, C. W.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Phil Ger & Nor	52	53
U S 6 pr ct			Reading	22½	23
" " '62	104	—	Minehill	65	66
" " '67	114	—	Har & Lan	55½	56
" " '68	114	—	Ches Val	50	6
" 5 " '85	102½	—	Tioga	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct	94½	94½	" preferred	—	—
" " new	99½	100	P W & Balt	31¾	32
" 5 "	90	—	Long Island	11¾	11½
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—	Wilmport & Elm	11	11½
Pitts 6 pr ct	—	—	Cattawissa	6½	7c
" " coupon	—	—	CANAL STOCKS.		
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—	Sch Nav	8½	9
" County "	—	—	" preferred	15½	16
All'gy co R R 6's	40	—	Lehigh Nav	49	50
Penn "	80	—	Morris Consol'd	40	45
" 5 "	89½	89½	" preferred	99½	100
" " coupon	93½	94	C & Del	40	45
Penn 6 pr ct	98½	99½	Union	4	5
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103	Sus & Tidewater	—	5
Missouri 6's	84½	84½	BANK STOCKS.		
Penn R R 6 pr ct	99½	—	North Amer	133	135½
2d m'rt loan '63	83½	85½	Phila	106½	109
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	77	80	Far & Mec	57	57½
P G & N R R "	87	—	Commercial	95½	96½
Reading R R "	74½	76	N Liberty	54	—
" " m'rt	90	91	Mechanics	70½	96½
" " " '85 pr ct '85	66½	—	Southwark	70	—
Lehigh Val 6's	81	82	P Township	34	35
Ches Val R R "	78	80	Kensington	34½	—
Tioga R R "	80	—	Girard	16½	18½
Phil Wil & Bal			Western	82½	87
'60 R R 6 pr ct	93½	95½	Man & Mech	25	25½
Long I R R "	76	78	Commerce	62	65
Sch Nav '82 "	86½	89	Tradesman's	20	—
Lehigh Nav "	95½	96½	City	42	44
Mort "	98	99	Consolidation	93	94½
C & D C "	79	80	Commonwealth	99	100½
Sus & Tid '78 "	99	100	Corn Exchange	—	—
Union Canal	26	27½	Pittsburg	83	86
Wil'ms & Elmira			M & M Pitts	86	86
1st m'rt 7 pr ct	68	69½	Sa'ge Pitts	54	—
2d " 7 pr ct	56	58	Kentucky	113½	—
Catawissa "	42	46½	Northern Ky	110	—
North Pa 6 pr ct	57½	57½	Louisville, Ky	115	—
RAILROAD STOCK.			Farmers, Ky	112	—
Cam & Amboy	96	97	Union, Nash, Tenn	103	103½
Penna	61½	61½	Plant's, Tenn	101	—
Sus Meadow	55½	56½	Com & R Vick	7	7½
North Penna	9½	9½	N O Gas Lt	120	—

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp ₱ lb	9 a10
Sirloin steak	14 a16	Breast and Neck	6½a 8
Rump do	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3a3½
Chuck pieces	9 a11	Whole carcase	8 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	8 a10	Fore quarter ₱ lb	8
Tongues, fresh	65 a75	Hind do	10
" each	31¼a37½	Chop	15c
Shin	20 a25	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 a12½	Sweetbread each	12
Liver ₱ lb	5 a 9	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₱ lb	14 a16	Young Pigs	@1 75
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	10 a 12
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Pest ₱ set	18a 25
Hind do	1 00 a1 12½	Tripe ₱ lb	4 a 8
Chop ₱ lb	10 a12	Lard do	10 a 15
Calves Head each	25 a37	Hams, sliced	15 a 16
		Bologna sausages	16 a 20

VEGETABLES.

Lettuce ₱ head	6	Beets bunch	4 a 5
Rhubarb ₱ bunch	5	Cabbage bbl	2 50
Onion tops ₱ bunch	1	do h'd	3 a 10
Radishes ₱ hundred bunches	@2 50	Carrots doz	10
Asparagus ₱ bunch	10a10	S't Pot'e ₱ bus	@1 50a1 75
Lima beans ₱ quart	12	do do ₱ lb	5a 9
Turnips bus	50	Com Pot'e bus	88 a 90
Marmuda pota's ₱ bus	1,25	Onions bus	90

FRUIT.

Apples ₱ bbl	@1a 1,75	Cranberries qt	14 a 16
do ½ pk	25a 31	Strawberries	18a 25

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ₱ pair	@1 a1 12	Chickens ₱ lb	10 a 12½
Chickens ₱ pair	75 a1 25	Sgh Pig'ns pair	25 a 37
		Frogs doz	25 a 50

SHELLFISH.

Ter'pin (South) doz	@4 00 a5 00	Oysters, Absecom ₱ bbl	@4 a 75
do (Ches & Del)	3 00 a3 00	do ₱ M	@16 00 a20 00
Lobsters lb	8 a 10	M Bay Cove M	16 00 a18 00
Clams M	2 00 a2 50	N Y do ₱ bbl	10 00 a15 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	26 a 31	Mackerel	10
Roll do	20 a 24	Dry Cod	4 a 6
Eggs doz	11 a 13	Sm'kd Herring bunch	6
Cod	5 a 8	Honey lb	20 a 25
Fresh Shad	16 a 37	Sweetcorn cake	1 a
Salt Shad lb	11	Halibut	6 a 8

USE THE OXYGENATED BITTERS, and you will have no cause to complain of lassitude, debility, or any of those complaints inseparable from our Spring weather. They are regularly prescribed by some of our most eminent physicians in cases of Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr CHARLES P. ERICKSON, to KATE A. SERAFTON, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Clay, Mr. N. MILLER MARKER, of Va to Miss HANNAH E. DOUGLASS, daughter of Saml. C. Douglass, of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. JOHN M. VANTINE, to Miss EMMA MCCLAIN, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. ASON C. HALLOWELL, of Trinity county, California, to Miss JANE DAVIS, of Manayunk.

In Philadelphia, on the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Howe, MATTHEW FULLERTON, of Pittsburg, Pa. to Miss SARAH J. BROOKS, daughter of James Brooke, Esq. of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. T. Street, Mr. JOSEPH E. RINEHART, to Miss MARY J. MARTIN, daughter of Jos. Martin, Esq. both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Monday, the 24th May, after a short illness, GEORGE MCCANN, youngest son of the late George McCann, of Carrickfergus, Ireland, in the 23d year of his age.

On the 1st instant, Dr. JAMES ANDERSON, aged 77 years.

On the 31st ultimo, RICHARD HARRISON, aged 60 years.

On the 1st instant, Miss JANE BERDIN, aged 40.

On the 1st instant, JOEL DAVIS, aged 84 years.

At Germantown, on the 1st instant, Mrs. RACHEL NUNEMAKER, aged 85 years.

On the 31st ultimo, CAROLINE, wife of Charles Christine, aged 32 years.

On the 1st instant, WALTER F. HARDING, aged 43 years.

On the 30th ultimo, SALEM L. WALTON, aged 59.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. SUSAN ROBERTS, aged 82 years.

On the 31st ultimo, ANNIE, wife of William A. Mase.

On the 29th ultimo, MARGARET WOODS, aged 22 years.

FARMERS in want of a good MOWER and REAPER can see the most complete machine yet made at the store of C. B. ROGERS, jel2-3t No. 111 Market St.

FETTER & CO., 31 SOUTH SIXTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

State or County rights for a complete *SEWING MACHINE*, using either one or two threads, with sample machines now ready for delivery, may be obtained on reasonable terms by addressing as above. These machines are manufactured for $10, and sell readily for $20 or $25. 1t

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$100 A MONTH.

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Wit and Humor.

TO MY BIG SWEETHEART.

FROM A SCHOOL-BOY.

Chocolate drop of my heart,
I dare not breathe thy name;
Like a peppermint stick I stand apart
In a sweet, but secret flame.
When you look down on me,
And the tassel atop of my cap,
I feel as if something had got in my throat,
And was choking against the strap.

I passed your garden, and there,
On the clothes-line, hung a few
Pantalettes, and one tall pair
Reminded me, love, of you.
And I thought as I swung on the gate,
In the cold by myself alone,
How soon the sweetness of hoarhound dies,
But the bitter keeps on and on.

A DECEIVING SPIRIT.

A few nights since, within this week, a young male friend of ours, who from a sneering skeptic had become a devout believer, retired to rest, after having his nervous system partially destroyed by the information, through the spirit of his grandfather, that he would very shortly become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable snooze, when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirits on the table, indeed.

"Who is there?"

There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

No answer.

"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I must be a medium. I'll try. (Aloud.) If there is a spirit in the room, it will signify by saying 'aye'—no, that's not what I mean.—If there's a spirit in the room, will it please to rap three times?"

Three different raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"

Three raps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine raps.

"Do you want for anything?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me a communication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Raps very loud again, this time in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

The raps then came from the outside of the door.

He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone, and after thinking on the extraordinary visit, he turned over and fell asleep.

On getting up in the morning, he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, his pants down stairs into the hall, and his great coat altogether.—*New Yorker.*

AN ALTERNATIVE.

An old Scotch tailor happened to have a helpmate of a very peevish and querulous turn in her temper.

"I'm gaun to dee, Andrew," said the wife.

"Are ye?" replied the tailor, as coolly as if he had been trying the temper of his goose.

"Are ye?—is that the way you speak, when I'm telling you that I'm gaun to leave you forever? Ye're no to lay my banes here amang the riffraff o' Linlithgow, but tak them to Whitburn, and lay them beside my father and mother."

Andrew, esteeming a promise made to a person on the verge of time as sacred, and not wishing to put himself to the expense (which, indeed, he could ill afford) waived giving any answer, but led on a different conversation.

"Do you hear, Andrew?"

"Oh, yes, I hear."

"Weel, mind what I'm saying: tak me to Whitburn, or I'll rise and trouble ye night and day; do you hear?"

"Yes, yes, I hear perfectly. Is that pain in your side troubling ye yet?"

"Ou, aye! I'm a' pain thegither; but the maist pain to me is, that you'll lay my dust here."

"Oh, woman, dinna distress yoursel' about that simple circumstance."

"Mind, I'll no lie here; ye maun tak me to Whitburn; I'll trouble ye if ye dinna, and ye may depend on't."

"Weel, weel, then, if ye maun be buried at Whitburn, I canna help it; but we'll try ye at Linlithgow first."

DISTINCTION.—A Roman ecclesiastic, in reply to whatever question might be proposed, began by saying, "I make a distinction." A Cardinal having invited him to dine, proposed to derive some amusement for the company from the well-known peculiarity of his guest, saying to him that he had an important question to propose; he asked, "Is it, under any circumstances, lawful to baptise in soup?" "I make a distinction," said the priest. "If you ask, is it lawful to baptise in soup in general, I say no! if you ask, is it lawful to baptise in your excellency's soup, I say yes! for there is really no difference between it and water."

VERY TIGHT.—We read in the *American Broad Grins* of a certain Hiram Potts, of Charleston, who possesses a dog with a tail which curls so tarnation tight, that it was never able to put its hind legs to the ground. We have, however, some doubt of the story; and believe it is taken from George Cruikshank's marine, who stands before his captain making a complaint with his eyes staring out of his head. It was in the olden time, when cue tails were worn; and the complaint is, "Please your honor, private Bunce has tied my hair so tight behind, that I can't shut my eyes."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

If General Barnes was not possessed of very superior legal attainments, yet as a lawyer, he had the happy faculty of impressing his clients that justice and law were with them in all cases. A rough countryman walked into his office one day and began his application:

"General Barnes, I have come to get your advice in a case that is giving me some trouble."

"What is the matter?"

"Suppose now," said the client, "that a man had one spring of water on his land, and his neighbor living below him was to build a dam across a creek running through both their farms, and it was to back the water up into the other man's spring, what ought to be done?"

"Sue him, sir, sue him by all means," said the General, who always became excited in proportion to the aggravation of his clients. "You can recover heavy damages, sir, and the law will make him pay well for it. Just give me the case, and I'll bring the money from him; and if he hasn't a great deal of property it will break him up, sir."

"But stop, General!" cried the terrified applicant for legal advice, "it's me that built the dam, and it's neighbor Jones that owns the spring, and he has threatened to sue me."

The keen lawyer hesitated a moment before he tacked his ship, and kept on.

"Ah! Well, sir, you say you built a dam across the creek, what sort of a dam was that, sir?"

"It was a mill-dam."

"A mill-dam for grinding grain, was it?" asked the General.

"Yes, it was just that."

"And it's a good neighborhood mill, is it not—a public convenience?"

"So it is, sir, and you may well say so."

"And all your neighbors bring their grain there to be ground, do they?"

"Yes, sir, all but Jones."

"Then it is a great public convenience—is it not, sir?"

"To be sure it is. I would not have had it built but for that. It's so far to any other mill, sir."

"And now," said the old lawyer, "you tell me that that man Jones is complaining just because the water from your dam happens to put back into his little spring, and he is threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to say is, let him sue, and he'll rue the day he ever thought of it, as sure as my name is Barnes."

MIRTH A MEDICINE.—I know of nothing equal to a cheerful and even mirthful conversation, for restoring the tone of mind and body, when both have been overdone. Some great and good men, on whom very heavy cares and toils have been laid, manifest a constitutional tendency to relax into mirth when their work is over. Narrow minds denounce the incongruity; large hearts own God's goodness in the fact, and rejoice in the wise provision made for prolonging useful lives. Mirth after exhaustive toil, is one of nature's instinctive efforts to heal the part which has been racked or bruised. You cannot too sternly reprobate a frivolous life; but if the life be earnest for God or man, with here and there a layer of mirthfulness protruding, a soft bedding to receive heavy cares which otherwise would crush the spirit, to snarl against the sports of mirth, may be the easy and useless occupation of a small man, who cannot take in at one view the whole circumference of a large one.—*Arnot's Ills of Proverbs.*

Useful Receipts.

HARMLESS AND SURE CURE FOR WARTS.—Take two or three cents worth of sal ammoniac, dissolve it in a gill of soft water, and wet the warts frequently with this solution, when they will disappear in the course of a week or two. I have frequently tried this cure for warts, and it has never failed.

[We are inclined to believe in the efficacy of our correspondent's cure for common warts, because we know that alkaline solutions soften them, and gradually eats them away, as it were. We have removed some of those unpleasant skin excrescences with a weak solution of potash applied in the same manner as the sal ammoniac.—*Eds. Scientific American.*]

THE BEST WAY TO COOK EGGS.—Break them into hot—not boiling—water, and let them remain till the yolk is sufficiently cooked—then put on butter, pepper and salt, and you have done your utmost with eggs.—*Exchange Paper.*

ANTIDOTE TO MOSQUITOES.—A certain preventive to attacks of mosquitoes, black flies, &c., is said to be glycerine 4 ounces, oil of peppermint 2½ drachms, oil of turpentine 4 drachms. The face, neck, hands, in fact all parts exposed to be rubbed with the mixture. This was given me by an eminent physician previous to going into the State of Maine on a hunting expedition. I never knew it used without perfect success.

QUICK-LIME A TEST FOR GUANO.—A teaspoonful of a sample of good guano, mixed with an equal quantity of cream of lime, will develope a powerful ammoniacal odor, similar to that of Bengal or smelling salts. The pungency of the odor will be proportionate to the amount of ammonia in the sample. The success of this depends upon the quality of the quick-lime employed. It ought to be of recent burning, or to have been preserved in a close vessel, as on exposure to the air it absorbs carbonic acid, and passes into the state of carbonate, in which condition it is no test for ammonia.—*Cameron's Chemistry of Agriculture.*

TO COLOR COTTON LEMON COLOR.—To 1½ pounds of cloth, 6 ounces sugar of lead, dissolved in a pailful of hot water; 4 ounces of bichromate of potash, dissolved in a pailful of warm water. Dip your cloth first in the lead water, then in the potash, several times back and forth, then rinse out in clear water and hang out in the sun to dry.—*Rural New Yorker.*

LAMP OIL.—To remove lamp oil from cotton and woollen goods, rub in thoroughly with the hand some clean fresh lard; let it remain for two or three hours, then apply soft soap, and wash in warm water. This can be depended on.

AN UNREASONABLE HUSBAND.

SWEET YOUNG WIFE (who has just returned from a horseback ride.) And so, Charles, you still persist in your cruel refusal to impart Mr. Rarey's horse-taming secret to the wife of your bosom?

CHARLES.—My dearest Angela, how can I? You know I promised not to reveal it to *any one!*

ANGELA.—How could you make such a dreadful promise, Charles? I am sure that if my pony, who I declare grows more and more unmanageable every day, were to throw me off, and to kill me, some morning, you would regret your obduracy and obstinacy, Charles.

CHARLES.—How can you be so cruel as to talk thus, Angela!

[The scene here assumes the very dramatic tableau given above.]

Agricultural.

PESTS OF THE GARDEN.

We make the following seasonable extract from that new and universally popular handbook of horticulture, "The Garden." These hints and directions are worth the price of the book, which is one of the best and cheapest ever published:

"The foes against which the gardener is forced to wage a perpetual war of extermination, though individually insignificant, are in the aggregate most formidable. We will try to give a few useful hints of a general character to aid the reader in this warfare.

"Wide-mouthed bottles, partly filled with molasses and water, and hung up in a garden, make excellent traps for the moths, which are the parents of many destructive vermin. Mr. Downing mentions an acquaintance who thus caught and destroyed in a single season three bushels of insects, and preserved his garden almost free from them. A bright fire of resinous pine, tar, shavings, or any other combustible, kindled in the garden at night, on a platform erected for the purpose, will attract and destroy millions. Birds are among the best friends of the gardener, and should by no means be destroyed, although some of them may eat a few raspberries or cherries. Toads live almost entirely upon insects, and do no harm in a garden. Induce as many of them as possible to make it their home. Hens and chickens should have access whenever it can be safely permitted."

To drive insects away from plants, various preparations are useful. A writer in the Southern Cultivator recommends the following:

"Put into a barrel of water a quarter of a pound of camphor, in pieces of the size of a hickory nut, and let it stand a day before using. Water your plants with this. The barrel may be refilled many times before the camphor will have all been dissolved. A cupful of strong lye put into the water, will add to the strength of the mixture by causing the water to take up more camphor. Tobacco-water is another efficient remedy. Lime, charcoal-dust, ashes, soot, snuff, and sulphur sprinkled upon plants prove a defence against most destroyers. To expel the striped bug from cucumbers, squashes, etc., water the plants daily with a strong decoction of quassia, made by pouring four gallons of boiling water on four pounds of quassia in a barrel, and, after twelve hours, filling the barrel with water. The intolerable squash or pumpkin bug may be thoroughly driven off by a decoction of double strength, containing a pound of glue to ten gallons, to make it adhere.

"The most effectual and the cheapest remedy for the striped bug, however, consists in defending each hill of melons, cucumbers, squashes, etc., by a box about fifteen inches square, the sides being eight to ten inches high, covered with millinet or some similar thin material."

The following recipe for making a barrier to insects, is given in the Gardener's Chronicle. It may be easily tried:

"Take of common resin one and a half pounds; sweet oil, one pound; place them in a pipkin over the fire until the resin is melted; stir the material together, that they may be well blended; when cold, the substance formed, which the discoverer calls "resoil," will be of the consistency of molasses. To use the resoil it should be spread with a brush upon shreds or any fitting material, and wrapped round the stem of the plant; if any support is used, that should be brushed over also. No insect can possibly, or will attempt to cross this barrier; the resoil never dries, but always remains sticky and clammy—its action as a trap is therefore obvious."

But, however numerous and effective the other remedies, 'eternal vigilance' cannot be dispensed with in dealing with the pests of the garden.

TOBACCO AND THE PLUM CURCULIO.—Being at the house of a friend, in June last, I was surprised at seeing his plum trees nearly breaking down with fruit. He informed me that his remedy was, to take an old tin basin, make a few holes around the sides, near the bottom, and have the basin secured to the end of a pole, long enough to pass the dish through all parts of the tree. He then takes some fire and a small quantity of any old refuse tobacco, and puts in the dish; this smoking, he takes the time early in the morning, while the dew is on, and passes the smoking dish through all parts of the trees. It should be commenced on the first formation of the fruit, and continued six or eight weeks—the oftener it is done, the more sure you will be of saving all your plums: he only smoked his trees twice a week. He says the first few times he could see the insects leaving in a swarm, and soon there were but few to be seen. He says that by smoking while the dew is on, the smell of tobacco will be longer retained in the trees, and that for his eight or ten large trees it would take about an hour each time, and his expense for tobacco was about three York shillings. To prove that the insects did not like the fumes of tobacco, his neighbors, only a few rods distant, and who would not take so much trouble, were rewarded by not saving a plum. It would have done you and your many thousands of subscribers good, to have seen these trees, loaded with the delicious fruit, and to know that with a very little trouble and a very little expense, this excellent fruit may be preserved.—*Genesee Farmer.*

GREEN CORN FOR SUMMER FODDER.—As every farmer knows, there is a season in midsummer when pastures become parched and brown, and cows fall both in flesh and milk.—Some consider this a necessary evil, against which no provision can be made, but all do not so consider it. Some farmers, as we happen to know, provide against this time of scarcity by planting corn for summer feed. They often use the Southern yellow flat corn, manure the ground well, sow in drills three feet apart, leaving it so thick in the drill that no stalk will grow more than an inch in diameter. In this way, they secure fine, succulent feed for their stock, from the last of July to the middle of September. The cows keep in good flesh, and the butter and cheese show no abatement. This corn answers well also for dry fodder, though the difficulty in curing will prevent its general use on a large scale. The advantage of this corn over the common Northern varieties, is that more of it can be raised on the same ground, and that it grows faster. Plant about the middle of May, June 5th, and June 20th, for a succession of tender feed through the summer.—*American Agriculturist.*

BIRDS—PREPARATION OF SEED CORN.—"A Plea for the Birds" in your paper causes me to come forward with my plan, which is a plan to receive the benefit of the insect-catching propensity of the birds, and a remedy against their corn-puling operations. It is this: as soon as your corn comes up feed the birds. Crows will not (as far as my experience goes,) pull corn if they are properly fed, and they want feeding but a short time. Two quarts sowed over a field of ten acres, about twice, while the corn is in danger, will supply all that take the privilege of boarding on me; but even if it took a half bushel or a bushel, it would be cheaper by far than exterminating the birds. Tar and plaster my seed at planting (not gas tar). I never had any difficulty about my seed coming up.—*Country Gentleman.*

CRANBERRIES.—If you can keep them flooded, better not draw off the water yet. Let it remain until there is no possibility the blossoms will be injured by the frost; they are easily injured, and the crop largely diminished if not altogether killed. Some cultivators keep their beds flooded until June, sometimes until the 10th or 15th of June. If this can be done, it is all the precaution necessary against frost, for the vines will not blossom covered with water.

TO REPEL BUGS FROM VINES.

Gardeners will find this "leafy June," this "month of roses," a busy season, and not an unimportant part of their work will be keeping bugs off from the cucumber, melon, squash and similar plants. We therefore detail several modes of fighting this enemy.

A decoction of tobacco and red pepper, sprinkled on the leaves of the young plants, will repel the bugs. Even the pepper-tea alone will be too strong for all that have weak stomachs. A mixture of two parts flour and one of black pepper, dusted on the vines while wet with the dew, answers as a partial protection at least.

Open boxes, six inches high and a foot and a-half square, set over the young plants, will answer a good purpose; or a cheap and convenient protector may be made of birch bark, pasteboard, or what is still better, old floor oil cloth, pegged down. They may be six or eight inches high, and of any desired size. Where the two ends meet, it is well to tack them to one of the pegs. Place them around the hills as soon as the plants begin to break ground, breaking up so that no bugs will work under them. Very few of the insect tribe will go over them. Bugs do not appear to be skilled in fence climbing. Simply standing bricks on edge around the plants usually keeps them out.

Liquid manure, made from hen-dung, and left to ferment, will drive off bugs by its offensive smell. Two shovelfulls of hen droppings to four gallons of water will make it of the desired strength. A half-pint of this liquid sprinkled over each hill, on every alternate day, will repel the bugs, and give the plants a vigorous growth.

A neighbor of ours says he has treated his bug-visitors, for twenty years past, to a pinch or two of good Scotch snuff; they think this is something to be sneezed at, and therefore leave in disgust.

We once knew a man who planted his seeds by the hundred, all over his melon patch, and gave the bugs the largest liberty of his garden. He declared that he delighted to witness the enjoyments of animal life, and therefore would not kill bugs, but would rather feed them. He said that more than enough plants were left, after the bugs had taken their share, and he thought they were stronger and healthier vines, than if they were boxed up and dusted over with such acrid substances as snuff, pepper, ashes, guano, &c. And besides, did not this method save him a great deal of trouble?—*American Agriculturist.*

SPREADING MANURE ON THE SURFACE.—A writer in the Edinburgh Journal of Agriculture, commenting on the views of Professor Voelcker as to the exposure of fresh manure to the surface of the ground, relates the following striking experiment, made by a scientific man, for the purpose of testing expressly the several methods of using manure:

There being a difference of opinion among scientific men regarding the advantage of spreading dung upon the surface and leaving it exposed for some time before covering it in, Prof. Legnitz, of Eldena, had recourse to experiment for the solving of the question. For this purpose he selected two and one-half roods, which he divided into four equal parts. To No. 1 no manure was given. No. 2 received about two tons of farm-yard dung, which was spread immediately and covered in by means of the plough. No. 3 was treated in the same manner, with this difference, that the hoe was used instead of the plough. The same quantity of dung was carried to No. 4, and allowed to remain spread three weeks on the soil before being covered in by the hoe. On the 10th of October, the four lots, subjected to experiment, were sown with about ninety-five pints of rye seed each. The following are the total results of the crop of each lot, grain and straw included:

No. 1 produced		583	pounds.
No. 2	"	770	"
No. 3	"	818	"
No. 4	"	930	"

The writer justly remarks that a single experiment should not be considered conclusive, but that is sufficiently striking to warrant a repetition of it on a larger scale.

AN EXPEDIENT.—One day, smiling, Mademoiselle de Hautefort showed a little letter in her hand. Behold, the king arrives! He wished to know what it contained. Still, in jest, she retreated, the king following her, still more piqued. He begged her to allow him to read the letter, stretching out his hand to take it. She thrusts it into the bosom of her dress.—Louis stopped short suddenly, and knew not what to do; but the queen was present and saw all the little charade. She did a daring thing, which might have resulted in the most important consequences. She seized the young girl's hands, and held them so that the king might take the letter. But Louis the Thirteenth was now in a still worse perplexity. He had recourse to an expedient, ridiculous but admirable, and taking up a little pair of silver pincers which were at hand, removed the letter chastely, and without the slightest rudeness, from its delicate hiding-place.—*Michelet's France.*

ORIGIN OF BULL-FIGHTING.—Large estates, full of wild cattle, were originally, in Spain, the primary cause of the custom of bull-fighting. This cause, in tenfold magnitude, is still in active operation in Mexico. There men have to learn, from their earliest years, how to manage wild cattle, and to avoid their dangerous attacks, during the process of catching and killing them. It is natural that the bolder men should, by constant practice and trials of all kinds, raise their daily occupation to a kind of art. Their companions will flock to witness their feats, and the cattle-driver becomes a *torero*. How natural it is in a people to be fond of witnessing feats of skill and boldness in an art so perfectly akin to their daily occupation!—*Travels in Mexico and Guatemala.*

A SIGN OF RAIN.—When the odor of flowers is unusually perceptible, rain may be anticipated, as the air, when damp, conveys the odor more effectively than when dry. Damp air being also a better conductor of sound than dry, bells, the sound of mills, and railways are better heard before rain.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 8, 14, is used by tanners.
My 2, 13, 9, is a personal pronoun.
My 3, 6, 15, 1, is one of the points of the compass.
My 4, 10, 13, 14, 8, is a river in Europe.
My 5, 4, is a verb.
My 6, 14, 8, 7, is a country of Asia.
My 7, 8, 5, 14, 8, is one of the United States.
My 8, 11, 12, 5, 14, is a man's name.
My 9, 13, 8, 7, is a country of Asia.
My 10, 8, 15, 8, signifies to rest.
My 11, 3, 8, 4, 10, signifies to worry.
My 12, 5, 11, 2, is a preposition.
My 13, 1, is a personal pronoun.
My 14, 10, 4, 11, is a place where birds rear their young.
My 15, 6, 7, is a boy's nickname.
My whole is a natural curiosity.

ZERBUS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 10, 4, 3, 9, 10, 18, is a mountain in Asia.
My 1, 10, 17, 4, 15, is a city in Egypt.
My 1, 9, 3, 1, 15, 16, is a city in Poland.
My 5, 15, 9, 18, 15, 4, 14, 1, 15, is one of the West Indies.
My 7, 9 14, 3, 15, 11, 14, 2, 19, 14, is a town in Greece.
My 6, 13 3, 7, 13, 4, is a town in England.
My whole is an extraordinary character in the history of Russia.

H. F. O'NEALL.
Linden Cottage, Daviess Co., Mo.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Twas in the merry month of June,
When the notes of warblers were in tune,
And nature in garb of green;
Before a charming country seat,
Stood (my *whole*,) a maiden neat,
As fair as e'er was seen—
Mending my *third* before she took
A pleasant walk unto the brook.

A useful thing my *second* is—
An exclamation, no doubt 'tis,
Of pleasure, or of pain;
For should you, as I have defined,
Inside my *first* be close confined,
I think you would exclaim!
And might give utterance to my *second*,
As you have already reckoned.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the native forest green
There my *first* is often seen—
'Tis an animal I mean.

My *second* you well know, I ween,
Because it often crossed has been
In every shallow river stream.

My *whole* you certainly will guess,
When to you I do now confess
That 'tis a town in the U. S.

Pottstown, Pa. L. J. F.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 6 letters.

Omit my 1, 4, 5, and transpose, and I am a weight.

Omit my 2, 5, 6, and transpose, and I am a domestic fowl.

Omit my 1, 2, 5, and I am used by fishermen.

Omit my 1, 4, 6, and transpose, and I am a title of relationship.

Omit my 2, 3, 6, and transpose, and I am a pronoun.

Omit my 1, 4, 5, and transpose, and I am an adverb.

Omit my 1, 5, 6, and I am a numeral.

My whole we all should be.

ANAGRAMS

On Well-Known Towns in Illinois.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Gone Twin.	Nane Lad.
En Town.	M. Bird Cago.
No Lime.	W. Goose.
Is Cork Land.	If Air Fled.
We New Ashton.	O. Bob Jones.
Ma at Rome.	N. Bore Hill.

Waukegan, Ills. D. F. HAWES.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman bought a square township of land, bearing the following data: He first inscribed a circle, he then inscribed an equilateral triangle within the circle, the length of one side being equal to 3.66025 miles. What is the area of the said township? SATURN.

St. Lawrence Co.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Did you ever see anything walk without legs? Ans.—Yes, I saw a rope-walk.

☞ If a small boy is called a lad, what is it proper to call a big boy? Ans.—A ladder.

☞ Why is a fly one of the tallest of insects? Ans.—Because he stands over six feet without shoes or stockings.

☞ Who was the greatest chicken-butcher, according to Shakspeare? King Claudius in Hamlet, who did "murder most foul."

☞ What led Macbeth to say that he would die with harness on his back? Ans.—Because he knew very well that Macduff was about to tackle him.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The Battle of Waterloo and defeat of Napoleon Bonaparte. CHARADE—Newspaper. (News-pay-per.) CHARADE—Hornbook. RIDDLE—Wheat. (Hat, We, He, Eat, What, Tea.) ANAGRAMS—Beneficial, Operation, Potentates, Application, Pension, Especially, Personage, Interstice, Maintain, Threaten, Moisture, Internal. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—In 3½ days, A in 6, B in 12, and C in 2 days.

CONNUBIAL BLISS.—I once met a free and easy actor, who told me he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of ———, without any invitation, convinced (as proved to be the case) that my lord and my lady, not being on *speaking terms*, each would suppose the other had asked him.—*Reynolds' Life and Times.*

☞ HOW TO TELL A WOMAN'S AGE.—*By one of them.*—In telling the age of another, you multiply by 2; but if you are telling your own age, then you divide by 2.—*Punch.*